

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME V.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1909.

NUMBER 8

A NEW SAILOR FOR THE OLD SHIP.

I have purchased The Springfield Sun and will continue the publication of the paper in this city.

In assuming the editorial and business management of The Sun I am fully aware of the responsibilities resting upon me. Indeed, I consider the task an arduous one—one that will require strict attention and much hard labor to adequately perform, yet I feel that by giving my undivided time to The Sun and its job department that my efforts will in a measure be crowned with success. I have always found that honest endeavor seldom meets with defeat or disappointment. Therefore, I am launching upon the journalistic sea with confidence and hope as my guides, and I can but persuade myself that the voyage is going to be of waters as calm as any upon which the barques of country journalism are now sailing.

I want the friendship of every man; certainly I want the enmity of none, and I shall try to do those things which will win friends and support for The Sun. By this I do not want it understood that The Sun will have no opinions; a paper—even a small paper—lacking courage to express itself has always seemed to me like broken machinery in the scrap-iron pile—a thing good for nothing outside the junk-dealer's confines—"a meaningless babble" in life's affair; therefore, The Sun, in the future, as in the past, will occasionally "take issue" with people in the advocacy of principles which its editor believes to be right.

For example, I believe the principles taught by the Democratic party are right, and that their fulfillment will mean the most good to the greatest number, consequently The Sun will con-

to espouse the cause of Democracy.

While I am yet a young man, I have long ago learned that the farmer is the most important figure in our great national sum. His cause is one that should have the support and advocacy of every man. Every time I see a field of corn, a field of wheat, a patch of tobacco, or a meadow of blooming clover I am reminded that in these products are the elements of our prosperity—the very essence of our great commercialism, and I am forcibly reminded that the farmer is not only the community's benefactor, but that through his benefactions the nations of the world exist. From his labors we extract our happiness and contentment. I shall not be ungrateful to him; his cause will be the cause of The Sun, and I most earnestly hope the paper will be able to assist him, if only in a small way, by advocating those things which will mean his betterment.

Just a few more words. I bought The Springfield Sun because I believe it is good newspaper property. I paid a good price for it, but not too much. It has always made money, and I believe it will continue to make money; I hope more than ever before. Now, may I not ask my friends, and the friends of The Sun, to assist me in this undertaking. Help me to make this venture "the tide in my life" that will carry my ship to that port where the Gods of Destiny crown all comers with success. I will never call upon you for a life line, because I will never need one, but I will call upon you for encouragement and assistance, those two things that make fast sailing and happy voyages.

Very truly,

HUGH LEE SMITH.

SUNSET! SUNRISE!

MELLOW SKIES AND NESTS OF STARS IN YESTERDAY'S CLOSING DAY: A ROSEY DAWN AND A BLAZING EAST, AND A LANCE OF LIGHT ON THE SEA.

Sunset! And goodbye! But a mellow sky, a nest of stars and a sentiment as sweet as the Rose Lips of Love are mine. No brewing storm, no lowering clouds, and the graceful shadows, like mantles of gold, fall over precincts dearer to me than any in all the wide world. The "goodbye" pinches the soul, and the heart rises and falls with the billows in an ocean of somberness, but the memories of many yesterdays will light the way of all my tomorrows.

Sunrise! And in the wake of the dawn a lance of light kisses the bosom of the journalistic sea for Hugh Lee Smith.

On November 30, 1904, The Springfield Sun was first issued. The reception given it by the public was pleasing to the owner. From the beginning the paper has enjoyed a liberal patronage. The subscription list grew rapidly. The merchants and business men of the town and county were soon convinced of the efficacy of The Sun as an advertising medium, and for over four years the paper has enjoyed a most liberal patronage of this nature. The job department has never suffered for work, but, on the other hand, it has often been necessary to burn midnight oil to meet the demands of the trade. In a word, The Sun has met with success, for which the retiring editor and owner is grateful to the people of Washington county.

For the past three and a half years Mr. Smith has been connected with The Sun, and much of the credit is due him for the success and growth of the paper. During all that time he has been devoted to his duty; he has never failed to strike while the iron was hot, and I gladly give to him much of the credit for successfully steering The Sun to the ports of success. I am glad he is to succeed me; I am glad I am leaving The Sun in competent hands. Having grown up with the business he is ac-

quainted with every detail, therefore, there can be no doubt about the continued success of the business. I have never known a more honorable young man—I have never known one in whom it would be safer to repose a trust. For one and two months at a time I have been away from home and have always felt satisfied that the office was being properly managed. Indeed, had Mr. Smith not been reliable and competent I should not have sold to him. The paper is a part of my life; I want to see it climb higher in the scale of public opinion. I want to see it thrive, and under no circumstances would I have placed its destinies in incompetent or reckless hands. With Mr. Smith as editor and proprietor of The Sun I can safely promise to the subscribers a good, safe, reliable country paper.

I believe I have many good friends in Washington county. It is hard to say goodbye to them. May I not say "adieu" and flutter a handkerchief? I feel closer to these people than to any people in the world. They have been good to me, they have been loyal; their god-speeds have been as roses along the path I have traversed, and their encouragement and help have been as lights from the skies.

It is a waste of time to tell the people of Washington county of my respect and admiration for them. Paragraphs from inadequate vocabularies are no more than facts, and facts are cold. But if mine were the soul of a poet, words would be molded into blazing sentences of Love, and from the melody of my song the people would learn the story of my devotion.

In the vaults of memory there will always be many pretty recollections of these dear friends I am going to leave. When the Wings of Time have carried me to that slope in Life's Pilgrimage where Hoary Locks and Trembling Limbs descend, through the dim eyes of age I will behold many pictures, touched with brushes of gold, and

through the avenues of the long, lost yesterdays fairies will come and breathe into my heart songs of these dear, old friends that will cheer my soul.

"God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Sincerely,
ROGERS GORE.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Sweet Charity.
"I never pass a beggar on the street," ventured Winters, "but I always drop some kind of a coin in his cup. No matter how much I need the money, I cannot refrain from letting a little sunshine into the lives of the city's poor unfortunate."

"I used to feel that way about it, too," agreed Roberts, blowing the smoke from his perfect, "but I had a funny experience the other night that has made me suspicious. You know the white-haired beggar that has been sitting at the corner of Rigby and Holton streets for a year or more?"

"Well, I used to stop in passing and say a kind word to the old man, as I passed the small coin in his cup as I passed the time of day. On this particular day, I had passed him there and left him my usual contribution. That evening I had to work late at the office and did not get my car until ten o'clock. At Lincoln avenue, north, I had occasion to change cars and had to run for it. As I ran, I heard some one come tearing along in my wake, but being too much occupied in my own behalf I did not turn my head.

"Grasping the car by the back rail I managed to swing on just in time to escape the catapult arrival of a man, a hand-organ and a dog. The man's 'I AM BLIND' sign was fluttering madly in the wind as they lit, all in a heap. Springing lightly to his feet, the fellow grabbed up his dog and with eyes as clear as mine, jammed past me and took the only remaining seat in the car. Composing himself comfortably, he placed his hand-organ in his lap, hid the dog under his great coat, safe from the conductor's eye, and heaved a sigh of relief.

"It was my blind friend of the downtown district! And since then I have been just a bit skeptical of beggars in general and blind beggars in particular."

"I suppose he belongs to the 'beggars' league," vouchsafed Hilton. "There is an organization of these fellows in every city. They work for some beggar trust that fixes them up, puts wigs on 'em, trains them how to fool the public and takes a Shylock portion for their own coffers."

"A trust in beggars?" gasped Brown. "Nothing more nor less," replied Hilton.

"What are we coming to?" gasped Winters. "To a lemonade for me, boys. What'll you have?" answered Hilton, punching the button.

On the Way.
An editor pays very little attention to the head of a poem. What he is interested in is its feet.

When a man asks for a dinner, give him advice. Advice is better than a square meal any day.—Extract from Old Money Bags' diary.

It is almost as hard to get a hired girl as it is to get into Taft's cabinet. Somehow the kitchen cabinet does not appeal to the misses of the land.

Just because a girl gives you a pleasant smile you have no right to rush off to the jeweler's for a diamond ring. It's a way girls have, bless 'em.

A Chicago poet kicks because a Princeton student makes "manners" rhyme with "pajamas." Possibly he had just tried a pair of the latter and didn't care.

The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50.

BABY

Left on Train By An Unknown Woman.

(From The Harrodsburg Democrat.)
A young married couple were on the train from Louisville going to their home in Midway last Saturday. In the seat in front of them sat a nicely dressed woman, with a little baby about a year old. Some miles out from Louisville the lady with the baby arose and asked the young married woman, from Midway, if she would take care of her baby a few minutes while she went into the next car. The Woodford county matron smilingly consented as she was very fond of children anyhow. She took the cunning little fellow, cooed to him and played with him for sometime. Station after station was passed and still the mother did not return to get her baby. Finally the train passed Frankfort and still there was no sign of the mother. The young woman from Woodford was getting uneasy, for she had to leave the train at Midway, but she hoped the mother would return before that point was reached. She was doomed to disappointment and when the conductor called "All out for Midway," she still had the baby in charge. She did not want to keep the baby and did not want to leave it in the seat unprotected when she got off the train. She was still undecided what she should do when the train stopped at Midway, but as the car ceased moving she saw a young man evidently an unmarried youth, entering the car. Instantly her mind was made up. She took the baby in her arms and walked up to meet the young man, and as she was about to pass him in the aisle of the car, she held the baby out to him and said: "Will you please hold the baby for me while I step out on the platform for a minute?" The young man was too polite to refuse, so he took the little baby and sat down in the seat. The train pulled out and the question now is, what did the young man do with the baby? No one has been able to find out whether the mother ever came back or whether she was the real mother of the child, but was some woman paid to palm the baby off on some unsuspecting woman like she thought the Woodford county woman was. Anyhow, everybody who has heard the story is praising the quick wit of the young woman from Midway in not entirely deserting the child, yet getting rid of it just in the nick of time.



SENATOR JAMES P. CLARKE.

LaRue County Goes Dry.

Hodgenville, Ky., Jan. 23.—In an election held to-day LaRue county voted dry by a majority of 1,085, the vote being over 4 to 1 against license. The bells in the church were rung at intervals during the day, children marched and a brass band furnished music. Prayer-meetings were also held and hot coffee was served by the ladies at the voting places. Three years ago Hodgenville went dry by majority. The vote to-day was virtually solid against whisky.



SENATOR WILLIAM J. STONE.
Re-elected to the United States Senate from Missouri.

FARMING LAND

In Washington County Finest In the State.—W. S. Gibbs Realizes \$4,161.68 On 100 Acres.

No other section of Kentucky is blessed with finer or more fertile farming land than Washington county. The farms of the county are "gold mines" on a small scale. As an evidence of the value of our land we herewith give an itemized statement of the amount of produce grown on 100 acres of land, a part of the farm of W. S. Gibbs, near town, together with amount of money received for each crop. Eight acres produced 14,725 pounds of tobacco, which sold for \$2,576.89; forty-five acres produced 450 barrels of corn, which sold for \$1,350. The remainder of the one hundred acres produced ten tons of hay; sugar cane, pumpkins, etc., from which Mr. Gibbs realized \$235, making a total of \$4,161.68 for the produce grown on the 100 acres.

There are many other farms in the county that can doubtless make as good showing. We just merely selected this farm in order to show the people that Washington county land is second to none in Kentucky.

LARGE CROWDS

Attending Moving Picture Show Each Evening.—New and Better Pictures.

The Star Amusement Co. will have a great treat and surprise for the people this week. They have arranged to put on a musical comedy drama entitled, "Uncle Ephs Return," or "Southern Pastime." It is a great sketch referring to slavery days, and has been played to crowded houses in large cities. E. W. Heuser, manager of The Star Amusement Co., has spared no time, trouble or expense in amusing his patrons and will continue doing everything in his power to keep something new and interesting before the public. The moving pictures are not to be excelled by any motion picture show, and they are continually getting better.

Among the moving pictures to be shown this week are: "How Simkins discovered the North Pole," "A Gilded Fool," and "Legend of a Ghost." Some of the illustrated songs will be "Really I think You're Awful Nice," "The Last Shot Got Him," and "Your Picture Says Remember."

The crowd is increasing every night and much interest is being manifested in this show.

Meets Death In Queer Manner.

Hodgenville, Ky., Jan. 23.—The lifeless body of Thurman Warren, aged fourteen years, was found dangling from the window by his mother, Mrs. Jesse Warren, at their home at Deazar, Green county, to-day. It is presumed that the lad attempted to climb from the window when it fell on his neck, choking him to death.

FATAL ACCIDENT

Louis Hayes Accidentally Shot By Colored Boy While At Play.

On last Sunday morning at 11 o'clock Louis Hayes, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hayes, of near Bloomfield, was accidentally shot, death resulting instantly. He was at play with a negro boy in a cabin near his home when the accident occurred. The colored boy in some manner got hold of a pistol, but it is not known how he happened to shoot the boy. The bullet entered the neck and came out under the shoulder blade, severing the wind pipe. The funeral occurred at Bloomfield Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes formerly lived in the Pleasant Grove neighborhood of this county, where they have many friends who deeply mourn with them in the loss of their son. Mrs. Hayes is a sister of Mrs. B. L. Lacey.

Louis Hayes was a bright boy, and he will not only be missed by his playmates, but by all the people who knew him. He was devoted to his father and mother, and was always obedient to them.

Marion County.

Falcon: Miss Annie Goodrum, seventeen years old, daughter of Mr. J. C. Goodrum and wife, died after a short illness of pneumonia, at the home of her parents, near Chicago.

Miss Mary B. Mattingly, the attractive daughter of Mr. C. H. Mattingly, was married to Mr. Thomas E. Moore of New Hope, at Chicago, Tuesday, Rev. Father Werner officiating.

Miss Bertha Cornet, daughter of Mr. Henry Cornett, who lives about three miles from Brookfield, was united in marriage to Mr. Walker Gribbins, a young farmer of same locality, in Lebanon yesterday.

Miss Bessie M. Vancleave, daughter of Mr. Wallace Vancleave, of this city, and Mr. H. K. Fowler, son of Squire W. A. Fowler, of the Calvary neighborhood, were married at St. Augustine's church in this city Tuesday morning, Rev. J. A. Hogarty officiating.

Announcement has been made of the approaching marriage of Miss Ola Hughes and Mr. Clarence A. Kelly, a popular young couple, of Raywick, which will be solemnized with nuptial high mass at St. Francis church in that place on Tuesday next at 9 a. m. Rev. Father Zoeller will be the officiating priest.

Richard Ray, who lately moved to the farm he had purchased from Judge River, had the misfortune to lose between one thousand and fifteen hundred pounds of tobacco last week. He had left his tobacco in the barn on the farm he had sold to Tyler Marples. Some party or parties prized off a couple of planks from the back of the barn and stole the tobacco. The wagon tracks could be followed but a short distance as the rain had obliterated them. This tobacco had been sold at 16c per pound.

The whole community was shocked when it became known that Mr. W. D. Flanagan had died suddenly, Sunday night, of heart trouble. Mr. Flanagan was born eighty-four years ago on the farm that he still owns, a little over two miles from Lebanon on the New Market pike. There he lived, dealing honorably with his fellow men, until his advanced age, a few years since, necessitated his laying aside his business cares. He and his good wife then moved to this city where they have since lived.

In God We Trust.

Harrodsburg Herald: Mr. George W. Robards showed us yesterday a twenty-dollar gold piece coined without the words "In God We Trust" on it. It will be remembered that "Teddy" some time since ordered these words left off of all coins, but Congress very correctly took the bit in its mouth and ordered the words restored. This is probably the only coin of any denomination in the country which is minus those words.

Specials

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY!
at **Cunningham & Duncan's**

AGAIN we are going to give the people of Washington and adjoining counties an opportunity to buy goods at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. It is unnecessary to "multiply words" in telling the trade about the Reduction we have made. The prices quoted in this advertisement speak for themselves. Read them over, and be convinced.

Cloaks.

Women's Cloaks, worth \$20.00, for.....	\$13.00
Women's Cloaks, worth 15.00, for.....	10.00
Women's Cloaks, worth 12.50, for.....	8.50
Women's Cloaks, worth 10.00, for.....	6.50
Women's Cloaks, worth 8.00, for.....	5.00

Misses and Children's Cloaks proportionally as low.

MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S

Suits and Overcoats

\$27.50 Suits \$20.00	\$25.00 Overcoat \$20.00
25.00 Suits 18.50	22.50 Overcoat 17.50
20.00 Suits 14.00	20.00 Overcoat 15.00
18.00 Suits 12.50	17.50 Overcoat 12.50
15.00 Suits 10.00	15.00 Overcoat 10.00
12.50 Suits 9.50	12.50 Overcoat 9.00
10.00 Suits 7.50	10.00 Overcoat 7.00
7.50 Suits 5.00	7.50 Overcoat 5.00

Carpets, Wall Paper, Lace

Curtains, Window Shades

Administer Carpets worth \$1.25, for.....	\$1.10
Velvet Carpets worth \$1.10, for.....	.95
Tapestry Carpets worth \$1.10 for.....	.90
Tapestry Carpets worth \$1.00 for.....	.85
Tapestry Carpets worth 90c for.....	.70
Best 2-ply Ingrains worth 80c for.....	.70
Best C. C. Ingrains worth 65c for.....	.50
Best Union Ingrains worth 50c for.....	.40
9x12 Room size Rugs.....	\$10, \$12.50, \$15 and \$20
Wall Paper 4c, 5c, 7c and 10c worth 7c, 10c, 12c and 15c.	
Lace Curtains worth \$1.25 for.....	.75
Lace Curtains worth 1.50 for.....	1.00
Lace Curtains worth 2.50 for.....	1.50
Lace Curtains worth 3.00 for.....	2.00
Lace Curtains worth 3.50 for.....	2.50
7 foot Opaque Linen Shades.....	.30
6 foot Opaque Linen Shades.....	.25

Supply of Tobacco Canvass

These prices are for January only, and are Lower than have ever been made on similar goods.

Cunningham & Duncan

SPRINGFIELD,

KENTUCKY.

BEACH HARGIS

On The Warpath Again...Plays
Wild West Tactics on
His Cousin.

Jackson, Ky., Jan. 22.—Beach Hargis has been selected for the latest scene of his warlike activity the home of his cousin, Harlan South, on the Clear Fork of Frozen Creek. Lewis Smith, a messenger from the South home, came hurrying to town this afternoon as fast as his horse could bring him to implore and from the county authorities for the suppression of young Hargis, who he reported to be on a terrible rampage. The story told by Smith is in keeping with the known proclivities and former escapades of the youngest of the Hargis household.

After leaving here yesterday morning for Frozen Creek, he seems to have pursued a particularly bad brand of whiskey, and after spending twenty-four hours in obtaining therefrom sufficient inspiration, he decided to go on the warpath. His first went to the house of a man who, it is alleged, has whiskey for sale, and, exhibiting a big pistol, announced to the man that he was going to have whiskey or blood. The proprietor of the alleged blind tiger lost no time in throwing open the door of his joint, and, while Hargis helped himself, made tracks for the other side of his farm.

When loaded with as much of the whiskey as he desired, Hargis continued on his way toward Harlan South's home. A short distance from his home he met South on horseback. Again bringing his forty five into play, Hargis invited Mr. South to get down off his horse and let him ride. South, who is himself half Hargis, demurred to such a proceeding, but, being unarmed finally complied.

As soon as he was mounted, Beach fired a few well-directed shots around and under the feet of his cousin by way of farewell, and set out at breakneck speed for South's home. His arrival there was so sensational and altogether alarming that Mrs. South, her mother-in-law and the children fled hastily through the back door and across the field to the home of Blane Short. Mr. Short was at the time on his farm somewhere, but came to the house in a few minutes, and upon learning the cause of the trouble went over to the South home. He arrived at the house at just

the same time Mr. South came in. They found Hargis amusing himself by shooting dishes off the dining-room table. Upon their trying to remonstrate with him, Hargis ordered them to clear out and turned his battery in their direction. South and Short took refuge upstairs, barricaded the door, and called from a window to Lewis Smith, who was passing, to hurry to town for officers.

As soon as Smith reached here, he swore out a warrant before the County Judge, which was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Gray Haddix. No sooner was the warrant issued than Cal Crawford, servant-friend and body-guard of young Hargis, secured a horse and set out posthaste for Frozen Creek.

Deputy Sheriff Haddix declined the task of going to arrest Hargis unless another man went with him. He finally secured the co-operation of Constable

Shelton Combs. At a late house this evening they had not returned. People here are wondering what effect this escapade will have on Hargis' bondsman.

A Long-Handled Gourd.

You may boast of your goblets of silver and gold,
You may boast of the nectar that sparkling they hold—
Of the wine that is red and the wine that is white,
And of all the concoctions you sip with delight—
But the feller that's thirsty no joy they can bring
Like the beverage found in a cool, mossy spring.
When you've knelt on a rock and through your lips poured
A pint of it's fluid from a long-handled gourd.

You may boast of your whisky, your gin and your beer,
And say that in them alone is good cheer;
That barleycorn drank, when it's only old,
Will make you feel rich and happy and bold;
But when your throat's parched on a hot summer's day,
Take your champagne and juleps and lay
And just try a draught of the water that's stored
Under moss-covered rocks, from a long-handled gourd!

You may boast of the drinks that drive away care,
(And give your nose whiffs like the red roses wear.)
That make the eye sparkle and loosen the tongue,
(And if a man's sixty, will make him feel young.)
But what are all those to a feller who knows
Where a tempest-brewed nectar in purity flows
O'er gleaming pebbles, with which it is flooded,
And can drink from its depths with a long-handled gourd?
—G. W. Donoghly in Kentucky Advocate.

Rank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at Hayden & Robertson's drug store, 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.
The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50.

Stomach Muscles In Old Age

How Old People May Retain or Restore Good Health

Usually the bowels are not so active in middle or advanced years as in youth. Just as the eyes grow dim, the skin wrinkles, the hair gray, the muscles flabby, so do the internal organs show their age if we could but see them. However we sometimes find a person whose age is near the meted three-score and ten and yet his step is sprightly, his eye keen, his flesh firm, his appetite good and his bowels regular, and upon close questioning you will find a life's history of right-living, good food, keen appetite, perfect digestion and regular bowel action. Regular bowels and proper digestion of the food we eat is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of good health by old or young. If the readers of this article are interested, we are glad to tell them how they can restore good health and prolong their lives. Stop into a drug store and purchase a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It will cleanse the bowels of any waste matter that has clogged them up and restore their strength and nerve force for regular natural daily action. It aids digestion by stimulating the stomach and digestive glands to a proper and sufficient secretion of the fluids necessary to perfect digestion. It acts on the liver and kidneys in a mild, quiet yet effective manner. Rev. A. J. Fletcher, of Rochester, N. Y., is 80 years old, and it cured him of 60 years of dyspepsia. W. W. Sterling, Sioux City, Ia., says: "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the best medicine I ever used and I am 83 years old." B. F. Thompson, Shenandoah, Ia., says: "I suffered 12 years with dyspepsia and it cured me." It is certain and effective in the most obstinate old cases, and yet mild and safe for the most delicate woman or child. All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Pepsin Syrup Co., 204 Childwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill., is glad to send a free sample to any one who has never used it and will give it a fair trial.

For sale by The Red Cross Drug Store

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

The Old, Old Story.



She came to work for us one day.
To wash and cook and things like that.
She could not speak our tongue at all.
But she could iron linen flat.
She did not ask a quently wage—
Six dollars and her keep was all.
We taught her how to bake and brew—
She asked eight dollars in the fall!

By spring she knew the way to wait
Upon a table fairly well.
And she could do a dozen things
That daily to her lot befell.
'Twas then she asked four evenings out
And 'bought a dollar more would do—
The next thing was her Sundays off
As soon as morning work was through!

And when the summer time was near,
A fellow came to call one day.
The visit caused us much alarm—
She struck at once for higher pay!
We granted this and helped her learn
Until we knew we had a gem—
And now, confound it, I must go
And buy a wedding gift for them!

By the Way.

A telephone girl will accept a ring from any old man.

Being honest pays a man's mother more than 100 per cent.

Thirst drives some men to drink, but hunger will drive a poet to ink.

It is not a sign of good luck to find the horseshoe on your own dead horse.

When two swelled heads get together, each is sure that the other belongs to a fool.

It is almost time for the great daily papers to begin calling negligent Christmas shoppers tight wads.

When Little Willie gives his pickle to his sister, it is not always a sign of great heartedness. Willie may have the mumps.

The average bootlegger who has kept the present business pace for 20 or 30 years, doesn't look upon death with any great amount of fear and trembling.



If a politician could kick up as much noise on a campaign tour as one small boy can raise with a new drum, he would stand some show of being elected.

A Texas newspaper is responsible for the statement that a farmer of his county when asked how much corn he raised this year, replied he had raised a powerful lot, sold a heap and had a right smart left yet. The question is, "How much did he raise?"

When it comes to real humor, you find it in the country. A resident of a certain town being in the chicken and egg business, the local paper says: "Bill Inet is still doing business at the old stand. Bring in your ancient settin' hens and patriarchal roosters."

Willie's Primer.

"Is the man dead?"
"No, the man is not dead!"
"Was ist? Did the man hit an auto-bubble-bubble-bubble?"
"No, the man did not hit an auto-bubble-bubble-bubble; he is an editor and he has his eye out for men he owes, ain't it?"
"Did a prizefighter find the editor?"
"No, a man came in and paid his subscription for ten years in advance and the editor withered!"
"Then he is not dead?"
"No!"
"Nor sleeping?"
"No!"
"Was ist?"
"Only paralyzed!"
"Peeze man! Why do people always do things to editors?"
"Curly Locks, I cannot say, only it must be nice for an editor to be paralyzed!"

No Danger.

Early one morning a terribly seasick passenger, pale and hollow eyed, came out of his stateroom and ran into a lady, who was coming along the passageway, clad in the scantiest raiment. She screamed and started to run. "Don't be alarmed, madam, I shall never live to tell it," stated (HIL) Anchor.

Raymond Williams

FOR A LIMITED TIME

YOU CAN GET

THE Louisville Times

Regular Price \$5.00 a year.

—AND THE—

Springfield Sun

Both One Year

—FOR—

\$3.50

The Louisville Times is the best afternoon Paper Printed Anywhere.

Has the best corps of correspondents,
Covers the Kentucky field perfectly.
Covers the general news field completely.
Has the best and fullest market reports.
Democratic in politics, but fair to everybody.

Send Your Subscription Right Away

To this paper—not to The Louisville Times. This special low offer may be withdrawn at any time. SO GET IN NOW. This rate is good only for MAIL subscriptions, and we cannot accept orders for The LOUISVILLE TIMES where that paper has a regular agent who furnishes papers by the month.

..Two Papers for Less Than the Price of One..

—SEND ALL ORDERS TO—

The Sun, Springfield, Ky.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

FLOUR

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Pride of Washington or
Springfield's Choice

MANUFACTURED BY
J. W. JARBOE & CO.

Highest market price paid for WHEAT

NOTICE!

I have sold my interest in the store of Thompson & Broe, at Litsey, and notice is hereby given that all accounts must be settled on or before March 1. After that date accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. BOOKS AT THE STORE.

Robt. M. Thompson.

FINE FARM For Sale!

We desire to sell our farm at Fredericktown, Ky., Washington county.

FARM CONSISTS OF

400 Acres

175 ACRES FINE BOTTOM LAND, BALANCE UPLAND WITH PLENTY OF VIRGIN SOIL AND TIMBER.

All of the bottom land and most of all the upland grows fine tobacco. Improvements are: Modern Brick of ten rooms, 3 good tenant houses, tobacco barn, stock barns, and all necessary buildings to each house.

Will sell as a whole or in 3 or 4 parts, with improvements on each part. Possession of two houses and one-half or more of the land can be given now, and all other contracts will be turned over to purchasers.

Call on or address

Mrs. M. L. or Pearl Connor,

Fredericktown, Ky.

Public Sale! OF LAND!

The undersigned, Joseph Polin, Administrator with the will annexed of Charles Sparrow, deceased, by virtue of the power vested in him by the said Charles Sparrow's will and the undersigned, G. W. Sparrow, individually, will on

Friday, January 29

At 1 o'clock, p. m.

On the premises, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder the following described Tract of Land, namely:

A tract of Land two miles East of Polin, Ky., bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone on the bank of Long Lick Creek, joining Charlie W. Sparrow, (now Extra L. Goodlett) thence with his line to Wash Sparrow's corner, thence with his line to a stone corner to Wash Sparrow and Berry Lewis', thence with Berry Lewis' line to Long Lick Creek, thence down said creek as it meanders to the beginning, containing about 45 acres.

The land has on it a good dwelling house and a 4 acre tobacco barn. The land is good tobacco land. Land will be offered as a whole, and then in two tracts. Which ever way realizes the most money will be accepted.

TERMS: To be sold for 1/3 Cash, remainder in 1 and 2 years, with notes bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. from date.

JOSEPH POLIN, Administrator,
With the will annexed of Charles Sparrow, Deceased,
and G. W. SPARROW.

Clubbing Rates

—WITH ALL THE—

Leading
Magazines

—AND—

Daily

—AND—

Weekly
Newspapers

—LET US—

Save
You
Money!



LOOK!



...At the LABEL on Your Paper...

And if it Indicates that you are in ARREARS Try to make it convenient to

PAY UP

We would like to be a little prosperous just at this time, and while Washington county is fairly groaning beneath her load of wealth, there is hardly an excuse for a single one of our readers to remain indebted to The Sun.

One, Two or Three Dollars

Is a small amount, and it will not inconvenience a single one of our subscribers to pay his subscription arrears, but it inconveniences The Sun to a very considerable extent to carry

Twelve or Fourteen Hundred Dollars in Subscription Accounts

It would make us prosperous to a happy degree to collect all of these "small amounts."

Last year, when hard times fastened its clutches upon so many of us, The Sun made little or no effort to collect subscription accounts. We believed the farmers were in no condition financially to meet even these small amounts, and, while we were very sorely in need of funds with which to make the mare go, or, in words, with which to "pay tribute to the paper trust," we were contented to keep plodding along; believing that in the end ALL WOULD BE WELL. You now have the money, will you not pay

The Springfield Sun



TWO CENTS PER SHINE

—OR—

52

SHINES
FOR

\$1

LOCUST GROVE.

Miss Alice Moore, of Fairview, spent last week with her brother, George Moore, at this place.

Mr. Ed Birch and wife were guests of W. S. Gibbs, of near Springfield, Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. S. J. Smock and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with the family of W. P. Merritt.

Mrs. Beulah Claybrooke, of near Springfield, visited her mother, Mrs. A. L. Litsey, Thursday.

Mrs. Emma Baker, Mattie Drago, Lizzie Reed, Miss Bertha Edger-ton and Tiny Reed dined with Mrs. Julia Leachman Thursday.

Miss Palestine Reed spent Thursday night with Miss Frances Litsey.

Mrs. Kate Litsey, of Pleasant Grove, Tuesday.

Mrs. Tom Baker and daughter spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, near Litsey.

Mrs. Ed Litsey and Edgar Wilson have returned from a trip to Lexington.

Mrs. John Perkins sold his crop of tobacco consisting of 8,000 pounds, raised on four acres of ground, for which he received \$1,600. Who can beat this?

Born, to the wife of Elbridge Pinkston, a fine boy.

A. L. Litsey sold four mules to Jas. Claybrooke; price unknown.

E. M. Leachman bought five shoats Elbridge Pinkston for \$11.

Mrs. J. S. Leachman sold four hogs to J. S. Yankey for \$20.

Ed Litsey sold a horse to Jas. Claybrooke for \$145.

Several from here attended county court Monday.

SYCAMORE VALLEY.

M. C. Keeling and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Keeling's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown, of Fairview.

Mr. E. L. Parish was called to Bloomfield to the bedside of Mr. Steve Elder, who is quite ill of pneumonia.

Born, to the wife of Tom Bailey, Jan. 4, a fine boy—John Henry. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sutherland left Tuesday to visit their son, Rev. W. E. Sutherland, of Buffalo, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Noel and daughter, Catherine, of Brookville, were guests of B. H. McIlroy and family Sunday.

Miss Laura Bailey, of Texas, has been the guest of her brother at this

place for about three weeks.

The school at this place has closed.

M. C. Keeling has sold his farm to John Crow, of Fulin, for \$2,500.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sutherland spent Sunday with J. M. Shields and family.

B. H. McIlroy sold a bunch of sheep to Sam Montgomery for \$5.75 per head.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sutherland spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Bowles.

L. M. Clark and son, Gordon, spent Sunday with J. M. Shields and family.

Lonnie Noel and family spent Sunday with Bill Hardin and family, of Thompsonville.

Quite a number from here attended county court Monday.

Dame Rumor reports some wedding soon.

"FIFTH SATURDAY AND SUNDAY MEETING"

Bethlehem Church

JANUARY 30th and 31st, 1909.

Services to Commence at 10:30

...THE CHURCH...

The Origin and Organization of the Church—R. L. Purdon.

Doctrine of the Church—A. C. Graves.

Spread of the Church—Evan Rogers.

Sunday Schools and the Church—Elmer Hume, Willis Bendette.

Organization and the Church—W. H. Williams.

Sunday, 11 a. m., Sermon—A. C. Graves.

The purpose of the above program is that there shall be a free discussion of each of the above subjects.

A Cure For Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the most of lame back. Sold under guarantee at Haydon & Robertson's drug store.

WE PRINT

SALE BILLS

AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

BOBCAT "SMILES" AT FIVE-YEAR OLD BOY

HUNTER FAILS TO SEE HUMOR IN SITUATION AND PROMPTLY SHOOTS FESTIVE FELINE.

East Sangerville, Me.—A remarkable story of a bobcat's treatment of a child is told by woodsmen west of here. A large bobcat followed a small boy nearly a mile until he fell down and could go no farther. The cat lay down beside him for some time, showing no signs of ill will, until a passing huntsman shot the animal.

The boy was Joseph Fowler, five years old, son of Edward Fowler of this place. Early the other morning the elder Fowler started through the woods to his father's house, followed by his little son. When they got to Flanders' mill little Joe became cold



The Bob Cat Sat Down to Observe Joe's Vocal Exercises.

and started back to the house. His father, however, continued.

Joe had gone but a short distance when he heard steps behind him and a kind of hoarse laugh. He looked around expecting to see his father. Instead he saw a big bobcat approaching him with an ill-concealed "smile" on its face.

Joe didn't stop to reply to the animal's friendly advances, but took off toward his home, over a mile away, as fast as his legs could carry him. The bobcat trotted after him in a sportive manner, and every time Joe looked around the beast was a little nearer. Finally Joe felt the cat's warm breath blowing against the back of his neck. This so terrified him that his legs tangled and he fell flat in the snow.

Instead of devouring him, as Joe expected, the bobcat merely surveyed him pleasantly for a few minutes, then lay down close beside him and began to purr. Joe says he could have

touched the animal easily with his hand but didn't dare. After a time Joe thought he'd better go on. But when he started up the bobcat grinned broadly, showing all his teeth, long and sharp, and laughed again so hoarsely that Joe became frightened and lay still. Thereupon the cat purled again.

After a while Joe began to cry for his mother. At this the cat became very sympathetic, walked around the child in a circle three times, looked at him smilingly again, and finally sat down to observe Joe's vocal exercises. About this time some hunters came along the road nearby. The cat looked at them in disdain and continued his friendly glances at the child. One of the hunters yelled to Joe to lay very still—then he took careful aim and fired, and the cat fell over dead.

MONKEY AS BODY SERVANT.

Pennsylvania Student Says Simian Makes Effective Valet.

Philadelphia.—Monkeys for valets! That is the newest idea at the University of Pennsylvania. Its originator is Wendell Eckard, senior medical student, who lives in Craig house, and he has experimented to the stage where he is ready to declare that the monkey is the ideal servant, inexpensive, and always prompt on the job.

A few nights ago the dormitory was set in an uproar by the sound of a piano at two o'clock in the morning coming from Eckard's room, and the investigation which followed resulted in unsuicidal monkey.

The monkey's house is the fireplace in Eckard's room. A wire door keeps the Simian valet confined when not on duty, and a curtain hung in front of the door keeps him hidden. A string attached to the top of the door runs through a pulley directly over the bed in which Eckard sleeps.

When the alarm clock rings to rouse the sleeping student in the morning Eckard pulls on the string. The door rises, and the monkey is at liberty. According to other students, who have seen the valet at work, he at once closes the window and opens the steam heater. Then he takes his master's shoes and blackens them easily with white at the finger ends. If it is one of his valet's duties.

There are numberless things which the monkey does. Eckard is said to have bought it for ten dollars. The opinion of those who have seen the Simian valet, capable, and an altogether to be desired servant.

Nearly every woman thinks she is not doing her full duty unless she warns her husband against his best man friend.

The Boy a Housewrecker.

The best gift for a boy, according to the society for the promotion of industrial education, is a box of carpenter's tools. A box of tools for a boy is all right in a home where the furniture is too hard to saw.

How to Dry Wet Furs.

Few furs are spoiled by slight dampness, but none will be pretty or even serviceable after being thoroughly saturated with water unless properly dried, for much moisture stiffens the skin and causes it to crack. Chinchilla is usually quickly ruined if soaked with rain, while some other skins will be uninjured if hung in a dry, but not hot, room and shaken every two or three hours. If a wet fur garment is fastened to the wall or door, etc., so the grain of the skin is down, permitting the moisture to run off, the result when dry will be most satisfactory. When the first heavy wet is gone, it is well to use a light riding whip to beat the fur slightly, thus hastening the drying as well as preventing the hair from matting. If the fur is a soft one, such as chinchilla or sealskin, it should be rubbed with a velvet hat brush when quite dry. Hard furs, such as mink and lynx, require stiff bristles, lynx always being stroked the way of the grain.

How to Cut a Plaid Skirt.

It is a more difficult feat to cut a skirt from plaid or striped material than one would imagine, for it is hard to match the plaid or stripe without wasting a great deal of goods. Place the center of the front gore exactly over the middle of the plaid or stripe. This same thing should be done when cutting a circular skirt. Now place the edge of the cut gore on the width for a circular skirt to the uncut material and match the crosswise stripes, moving the gore up or down a stripe or stripe until it matches exactly. Then lay the cut edge of the second gore to the uncut material and match as before, continuing this until the skirt is all cut out.

How to Mend Worn Shoe Linings.

Take a piece of velvet skirt blading just long enough to fit inside the heel section, cover the wrong side with a strong glue and paste it smoothly inside the heel, covering the worn places. This keeps a shoe from slipping up and down and saves the stockings from wearing out.

How to Renovate Black Gloves.

Black kid gloves that have become worn and white at the finger ends may be made to look almost as good as new by using a few drops of sweet oil and black ink, equal parts, well mixed, and applied with a camel's hair brush.

All the News Every-

thing that happens in the home town; the births, marriages, deaths, the social affairs, the comings and goings of the people—your neighbors; the notes of the schools and churches; all these and many other new and interesting things this paper will give you

CLUBBING RATES —WITH— LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville Times one year.....	\$3 50
The Sun and the Daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week, six months.....	3 75
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week, six months.....	2 30
The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year.....	2 30
The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year.....	3 50
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year.....	4 50

Property.

The last thing we need to be anxious about is property. It always has friends or the means of making them. If riches have wings to fly away from their owners, they have wings also to escape danger.—Tom Lowell's Address on "Democracy."

Weak Heart Action

There are certain nerves that control the action of the heart. When they become weak, the heart action is impaired. Short breath, pain around heart, choking sensation, palpitation, fluttering, feeble or rapid pulse, and other distressing symptoms follow. Dr. Miles Heart Cure is a medicine especially adapted to the needs of these nerves and the muscular structure of the heart itself. It is a strengthening tonic that brings speedy relief. Try it.

"For years I suffered with what I thought was stomach trouble, when the doctor told me I had heart trouble. I had tried many remedies, when the Dr. Miles' Heart Cure came into my hands, and I concluded to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I have taken three bottles, and now I am not suffering at all. I am sure and this medicine did it. I write this in the hope that it will attract the attention of others who suffer as I did."

MRS. D. BARON.

804 Main St., Covington, La.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND THE

Great CLEARANCE SALE

Of Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' Suits and Cloaks, and all ODDS and ENDS of Each Department
Going on at "THE BIG STORE"

..This Sale will Last for 30 Days..

In order to Clean-up the different stocks we are Offering some WONDERFUL BARGAINS. Special efforts will be made to reduce stock of Men's and Boy's Clothing and Ladies and Children's Cloaks. This is an Exceptional Chance to by Winter Goods at VERY LOW PRICES and you should take advantage of it.

The ROBERTSON-CLAYBROOKE Co.

INCORPORATED

Springfield, Ky.

SPRINGFIELD SUN

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.



SUBSCRIPTION, - - ONE DOLLAR.
(In Advance.)

H. L. SMITH, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year..... \$1.00
Six Months..... .50
Three Months..... .25

"A school house is worth more to a community than a church. Indeed, the school house is the forerunner of the church; it prepares the boys and girls to enter the church with clear understandings of their duties to God and man."—Springfield Sun.

If the above is true, Jeffersonstown is in a deplorable condition. We have eight churches and one "alleged" school house.—Jeffersonian.

HARDESTY.

We hope you haven't forgotten us and presume our ridiculous chattering sound has never yet been missed, since there are so many talented correspondents in the field.

Mr. Frank Hardin, of East Texas, spent several days last week with relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Mollie Williams and daughter, Fannie, spent Monday with Mrs. Eliza Mitchell.

Mr. W. B. Vandike spent several days last week with Messrs. Will and Edd Gray.

Mr. Walter Lewis, wife and little son, A. B., were guests of Mr. Richard Snider and family, of near Bloomfield, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Lucian Gregory and Mrs. B. L. Latsey spent Friday with Mrs. Minnie Williams, who is very low with consumption at her mother's, Mrs. Eliza Mitchell.

Miss Tavis Goddett left Wednesday for Bowling Green, where she will enter College.

Mr. Walter Scott spent Sunday with Mr. Herbert Hardesty.

Mr. S. G. Hardesty spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henc Scott, who have been very low with typhoid fever, but we are glad to report some better at this writing.

Miss Stacie Grace and brother, Palmer, spent Sunday with Miss Bell Hardin.

Mrs. Walter Lewis and son, A. B., spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. John Arnold.

CARDWELL.

After being absent from The Sun for some time, we will jot down a few of the happenings of our bustling little village on the hill.

Mr. Charlie Lay, of Lake Charles, La., is visiting his mother and friends here, after being absent for nine years. He has lots of news to tell us of the South. He has an interest in a dredge boat and will return to his home shortly.

We are to have a big sale here next Saturday consisting of horses, cows, sheep, some yearling cattle, in fact everything that is needed on the farm. Everybody come.

A ten-pound boy arrived at the home of E. T. Perkins last Friday at noon. Both the boy and mother are doing well.

W. L. Graham has bought four jacks

in the last two weeks. He says they are among the best and paid high prices for them.

Graham & Perkins bought of Luke Hansbrough, of Shelbyville, two horses for \$180; one horse from A. Ransdall for \$70; also an extra saddle and harness horse from S. H. Gardner for \$150, and sold one five-year-old mare to A. M. Tatum, of Harrodsburg, for \$110; one horse to E. G. Holliday for \$86.35, and one horse to J. A. Kyler for \$75.

Born, to the wife of George Word, Sunday, a girl.

Graham & Perkins were in Lawrenceburg last week, where they bought some horses.

Several from here attended court in Springfield Monday.

VALLEY HILL.

Joe Shehan spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moran spent Sunday with Mrs. T. A. Tatum.

Mr. John Kays, who was married Sunday to Miss Ophia Carey, of Polin, passed through our village enroute home. We congratulate them.

Miss Miranda Tucker, who has been visiting Mrs. M. Reed for several days, is the guest of Miss Lida Grundy.

Mr. G. C. Donahoe visited friends at Pleasant Grove Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Groatley visited relatives near Maud Sunday.

Miss Fairy Lyddane and Mr. Hubert Virgin were married Thursday in Louisville by Rev. Williams, of Springfield. Together with their many friends we extend congratulations.

Edward Groatley has purchased a 3-year-old mare from Robert Snyder at \$130.

W. F. Moran recently purchased a sow from J. F. Head at \$10 and a mule at \$75.

Earl Arnold, of Maud, is using his engine with Sweeney's drilling machine while sinking W. E. Brown's well.

Mr. Mattingly, of near Williamsburg, was in our section Thursday looking for a farm.

Miss Pearl Groatley returned to her home Friday, after a visit to friends at Science Hall.

Miss Grace Lair has returned to her home in Louisville, after a visit to friends and relatives here.

Thurman Chesser and brother, of Polin, passed through our village Wednesday enroute to Springfield.

Mr. J. E. Ferguson returned here Thursday evening to be with his wife at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Groatley, after a brief visit to relatives in Bay City, Ill.

Mr. Charles Shehan, of Maud, visited Mr. J. E. Groatley, of this place, Thursday.

Mrs. Jessie Hardy, of Louisville, has been visiting relatives in this section for several weeks.

Loses An Eye.

Lebanon Enterprise: While at work for the Brown-Foreman Distillery Company near St. Mary a few days ago J. D. Mills met with a distressing accident. He had just completed some brick work at the plant and had gone to a tenant house to finish some work there when the accident occurred. The house he was repairing was built of logs, and in taking mortar from between them he found some old papers which he threw upon the floor. A few minutes later Dave Russell, who was assisting Mr. Mills, gathered up the papers and threw them into an open fire in the room. An explosion followed, and a flying missile struck Mr. Mills in the left eye, so badly injuring it that it was impossible to save its sight. It is supposed that among the papers thrown into the fire was a cartridge, and that when it exploded a part of the shell struck Mr. Mills.

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year. The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50

ANGRY BOAR KILLS A HORSE; INJURES OTHERS

ENRAGED ANIMAL TEARS OPEN CHEST OF EQUINE THAT KICKED HIM.

Houston, Tex.—The "wildest boar that ever deluded a Texan" was owned by R. H. Keyworth, a Houston dairyman, until the boar killed one of Keyworth's horses, injured two other horses, two mules and two cows, and terrified Mrs. Keyworth and a band of Keyworth employees.

The boar was a blooded Berkshire animal, weighing 700 pounds, and as tall as a yearling calf. Keyworth valued it at \$50 and was as proud of it as ever a man was of a boar.

The boar's frisky moment came when Keyworth happened to be absent from the dairy and just as a



The Boar Sprang Furiously at the Horses.

wagon drawn by two horses drove into the lot in which his pen was situated. The boar broke down his pen. One of the horses did not like his inquisitiveness and kicked him under the wagon, and with his mate started off. The wagon rolled over the boar before he had recovered from the kick, but as the wagon was not damaged the boar did not seem to mind, and after shaking a little of the accumulated mud off his back and sides he started for the offending horse.

Workmen employed at the dairy thought it time to interpose and approached the boar. They soon retreated for the angry animal showed his tusks and made for the men, who were glad to climb over a convenient fence. The boar then turned his attention to the horses again, and springing the one that had kicked him, he ripped his chest entirely open. He then attacked the other horse and after crippling him turned his attention to two mules. After inflicting various wounds on them, despite their kicking protests, the boar attacked another horse and injured it.

Armed with ropes and sticks, the workmen, although terrified by the boar, returned to their attack and finally drove him into his pen, where the bars were put up. The animal's dander was up and he broke out again and went after two cows in the lot.

When Keyworth came home and heard the thrilling story of the fight he went after his shotgun and emptied a load of buckshot into the angry boar.

CHILLY BATH FOR BAPTISM.

Ten Converts Are Immersed in Ice Dotted Lake.

St. Joseph, Mich.—An act of endurance, prompted by their sincere Christian belief as members of the Church of God, was exemplified in this city the other afternoon before a curious audience of 1,000 people who were grouped about on the snow and ice clad shore of Lake Michigan.

Promptly at 2:30 p. m. Rev. August F. Schmitz, local pastor of the Church of God, marched from the nearby

beach, followed by ten converts, out over the ice fields to a hole in the ice about 100 feet from shore. Rev. Mr. Schmitz opened the ancient christening ceremony by offering up a prayer in German. He then entered the ice chilled water by descending by the use of a ladder until he stood up to his chest in the water, surrounded by small particles of floating ice. Each candidate was then in turn submerged in the water while in the arms of their local leader.

The last to be immersed was a lady said to be 72 years old, native of Russia. The converts as well as minister were clad in only ordinary clothing, while three of the women were baptized while barefoot.

The Church of God was founded by Rev. D. A. Warner of Grand Junction, Mich., in 1884, and is now claimed to have a membership of several thousand, representing several of the large cities of this country with many delegates preaching their creed in the heathen countries of the world. Rev. Mr. Schmitz has a congregation of 100 members in St. Joseph.

Princess Auguste a Model.

The kaiser's new daughter-in-law, Princess Auguste, who is a sister of the duchess of Saxe-Coburg and a niece of the kaiserin, is a very domesticated girl. She is not specially good-looking, nor is she very smart, but she is exceedingly amiable and capable. She has all her imperial aunt's love of home, and has been carefully trained by her in all her views.

HAPPY HOLLOW.

Mrs. Solomon Kays and two children spent from Monday until Wednesday with her father, Mr. H. P. Chesser and family, of Polin.

Those who dined at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Walls Sunday were: Mr. Harve Barnett, wife and two children, Mr. George Hahn, wife and three children, of Macomb, Ill., Mr. John Armstrong, wife and daughter, Myrtle, Messrs. Oscar Scott and Zay Hahn. All report an enjoyable time.

Messrs. Charlie and Claud Kays and Gilbert Chesser spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Solomon Kays and family.

Messrs. Pearl and Myrtle Armstrong spent Friday with their aunt, Mrs. George Armstrong, of near Fairview.

Mr. Gilbert Chesser and Miss Pearl Armstrong attended meeting at Williamsburg Sunday and dined at the home of Miss Mattie Keeling, of near Williamsburg.

Miss Edie Coulter spent Saturday night with Miss Mallie Shields.

Mr. Walter Hanby spent Sunday with Mr. Lem Keeling, of near Williamsburg.

Mr. Tom Settles will crop with Mr. E. W. Sutherland and Mr. Ernest Showmaker will crop with Mr. Solomon Kays.

Mr. Lonnie Noel and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Bill Hardin and family, of near Thompsonville.

Several from this place were in Springfield Saturday.

Sun and Times, \$3.50.

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be refunded at Haydon & Robertson's drug store. 25c.

Printer's Ink

When used on good presses and neatly displayed type for your stationery is valuable. We have every facility for doing the best of job work, at a minimum price.

McINTIRE.

As our little village hasn't been represented through the columns of your valuable paper for some time, thought perhaps a few items would be of interest to some of its readers.

Mrs. Mahaly Montgomery, who was called to Lebanon last week by the serious illness of her father, Mr. Sim O'Daniel, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Medley attended the funeral of the latter's niece, Miss Annie Goodrum, which occurred at Chicago on last Friday.

Margia, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wheatley, is critically ill at his home here with heart failure. He is a bright little fellow and his many friends wish for him a speedy recovery.

Born, on the 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Wellington, a boy.

Miss Laura Wheatley, accompanied by Miss Regine Rudd, left last Monday for Bowling Green, where she will enter school.

Messrs. T. E. Ballard, Ben and Tyne Cecil, Robert and Len McIntire, Sam Nally and son, Robert, and Paul Keene were among the number who attended the K. C. meeting which was held at Lebanon Tuesday.

Mr. Oliver Cecil, of Daviess county, has come here to attend school at St. Rose. He is a son of the late Clem

Cecil, who formerly lived in this county.

Miss Bettie O'Bryan, who has been visiting relatives and friends here for the past two weeks, has returned to her home at Fredericksburg.

Mr. Bert Alvey, of Fulton, was the guest of his brother, Mr. Manny Alvey, last week.

The bans of matrimony were published at St. Dominic's church, Springfield, on last Sunday between Miss Claudia Blanford and Mr. Kent McIntire. Kent has recently removed from this place. May good luck attend him is the wish of the writer.

Mrs. Richard Keene and little daughters, Beulah and Mable, visited relatives at Forest View last week.

Smith Brothers, of Marion county, purchased of Mr. Ben Baggett one jack for which they paid \$500.

Mr. Louis Smith and brother, Bernard, will leave this week for Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. John Hendren, after spending a few weeks with the family of J. C. Ensor, has returned to Loretto.

Miss Prudie Blanford, of near Simontown, was the guest of relatives here recently.

The dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Baker Spalding on last Tuesday night was well attended. All report a good time.

The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50

A New Firm

We have purchased the Hardware and Plumbing business from Shultz & Riedel and will continue the business in the old stand on Main street. We most earnestly solicit the business and ask for a continuance of the old firm's business.

We assure all that our prices will be reasonable, and that we will make every effort to please the trade. When you need plumbing call upon us; we will be prepared to do this class of work in a satisfactory way, and will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. We shall employ none but first-class workmen, therefore, the trade may expect first-class work.

Our Hardware and Stove ...Department...

Will be kept up to its present high standard, and we will always be prepared to give the people satisfaction in these lines. Our line of stoves and hardware will be added to weekly, and you will find just what you want in our store, at prices that will be satisfactory.

You are cordially invited to call upon us.

Very Respectfully,

O. D. HATCHETT

S. J. ANDERSON

Hatchett & Anderson

Springfield,

Kentucky.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE Friday, January 29

JED CARLTON Presents
BEATRICE GORDON
—IN—
"WAS SHE TO BLAME?"

A dramatization of BERTHA M. CLAY's beautiful story "A Bitter Attonement."
A COMPLETE STAGE PRODUCTION—SPECIAL SCENERY—COMPETENT CAST

If there is any humor in your make-up you will laugh 'till you cry.
If your heart has a tender spot this play will reach it.

SEATS ON SALE AT
The Red Cross Drug Store. Prices **25, 35 and 50 cents**

W. V. STALLARD, D. D. S.
SPRINGFIELD, KY., PHONE 72



TEETH EXTRACTED
WITHOUT
PAIN OR DANGER
All Work Done in this office is first-class in every respect and just as advertised. (GUARANTEED)
E. Over McElroy & Shader's Grocery

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mr. H. D. Stiles, of Danyille, was in Springfield county court day.

—Mrs. Geo. Cheschier, of Louisville, who formerly made her home here, is visiting friends at this place.

—Hon. W. F. Neikirk was at home Sunday.

—F. C. Peters, of Lebanon, spent Sunday and Monday here.

—Mrs. W. F. Trusty and children spent the week-end with Mrs. Trusty's mother in New Hope.

—Mr. A. R. Carothers, of Bardstown, was in town the first of the week.

—Attorneys T. S. Mayes and W. F. Grigsby attended court at Willisburg Friday.

—Mr. J. Irvine Wimsatt, of Louisville, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Janie Willett.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Coffey, of Greensburg, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Cattlett.

—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Haydon visited friends in Louisville last week.

—Messrs. Abram Synnor and Robt. Lunney, who have managed the Loose Leaf Tobacco Market at this place, left last week for their homes in South Carolina.

—Mrs. Fred Hagan has returned from Lebanon.

—Miss Bertha Haydon is the guest of Miss Katherine Spaulding, of Lebanon.

—Mr. Wathen Simms spent Sunday at Bardstown Junction.

—Mrs. J. S. Haydon, of Bardstown, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Leo Haydon.

—Mr. Andrew Cunningham and Mr. H. B. McElroy and daughter, Elizabeth, spent Saturday in Louisville.

—Mr. J. J. McCabe, of Louisville, is visiting his family at this place.

—Miss Ethel McClasky, of Bloomfield, is spending a few days with Miss Veola Brown.

—Mr. Tommy Hamilton, of Fredericksburg, spent Sunday and Monday here.

—Miss Nannie Ray Thurman has returned to her home in Lebanon, after a visit at the home of Judge I. H. Thurman.

—Mr. J. R. Durham, who was called to Campbellville last week by the illness of his son, has returned home.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mahon, of Lebanon, spent Monday with Mrs. Mahon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mayes, Sr.

—Mrs. Katie Williams spent a few days in Louisville this week.

—Miss Mabel Williams has returned from a visit to her grandmother at Fredericksburg.

—Messrs. George Bachellor, Joe McClasky and Edwin Smith, of Bloomfield, spent Sunday here.

—Mr. Adolph Hertlein will leave Thursday for Louisville, where he will spend some time.

—Mr. Jas. Thompson, of Bardstown, was here on business the first of the week.

—Messrs. Bernard Hurst, John Mattingly, Chas. Tong, Floyd Burba and Dr. Greenwell, of Bardstown, were here Tuesday enroute to Lebanon to attend the K. C. meeting.

—Messrs. Morrison O'Nan and Tommy Colvin left Monday for Louisville where they have accepted positions.

—Mr. Lynne Bush left last week for Terre Haute, Ind., to attend school.

—Mr. Morris Durrett left Sunday for Hot Springs, Ark., to undergo treatment for rheumatism.

—Mrs. Bessie Riedel and little daughter, Nellie Ruby, are visiting relatives in Bloomfield.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Leachman were in Lebanon Sunday.

—Miss Neihe McGill, who attends school at St. Catharine, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

—Messrs. J. C. Shader, C. H. McIntire, George and Will Robertson, W. T. Leachman, Murray Floyd, Shaker Robertson, Wathen Simms, J. L. Barber,

VALLEY HILL.

Chas. Lewis and daughter, Miss Nannie, of Litsey, were in midweek Wednesday.

Hunter Goatley was a guest at Elm Hill Wednesday.

Ray Goatley, of Cedar View, spent Tuesday with his sister, Mrs. E. D. Kelly, Jr.

Louis Head, of near town, spent Friday night and Saturday at the home of his uncle, Mr. W. F. Moran.

Ray Goatley died at Elm Hill Sunday.

James Moran, Jr., made a business trip to Gravel Switch and Aliceton Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Goatley attended church at New Hope Sunday.

Ed Sweeney has sold his old threshing outfit and purchased a new J. I. Case outfit, which he received this week.

Wilkinson Bros., who have been living on the farm of J. E. Shelby, will remove to the farm of Turner Derringer for the year.

W. F. Moran recently purchased a combined mare from T. J. Guthrie, of Casey county. Price \$100.

Hughes Goatley and sons sold their crop of tobacco to Joe Bishop, of Springfield, at 15c per pound.

Miss Grace Lair, of Louisville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. C. Tatum.

Hughes Goatley recently purchased a pair of fine young mules from Palmer Goetz at \$200.

Rev. Willer, pastor of the New Hope Baptist church, spent Friday night with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Goatley.

Miss Miranda Tucker is the guest of Mrs. M. Reed this week.

Miss Pearl Goatley visited Mrs. J. D. Sheehan Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Goatley, accompanied by Rev. Willer, spent Saturday as guests of Mrs. Edward Goatley.

Will Bradshaw, who has been living on the farm of J. L. Moran for several years, has removed to his farm purchased of W. M. Seay.

Twenty-eight Horses Sold.

Lebanon Enterprise: The combination sale of Wade and Richards held yesterday at the Hardesty hotel livery stable, while not largely attended, was a success. There were fifty head of horses offered, and of these twenty-eight were sold, bringing an average of \$175. One pair, owned by W. T. Smith, of St. Mary, was bought by C. C. Brewer, of Bloomfield, for \$800. Among the out of town horsemen who made purchases were C. L. Pemberton, Elizabethtown; C. C. Brewer, Bloomfield; B. R. Pemberton, Horse Cave, and H. A. Field, Hardin county. Col. J. H. Estes officiated as auctioneer.

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year.
The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50.
Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

Mr. Hoskins, who resided at Campbellsville, a son-in-law of Mr. J. W. Jarboe, of this place, died at his home in Campbellsville Saturday of consumption. The deceased was a good citizen and his death is a loss to Taylor county.

Bridegroom Missing.

Harrodsburg, Ky., Jan. 26.—After being a groom only one day Thomas Gabhart, a well-known young man of the Cardwell neighborhood, in this county, has mysteriously disappeared from his home, and all efforts to locate him have thus far been in vain.

Gabhart was married on Sunday afternoon to Miss Mary Sims, a pretty and popular young woman of the same locality, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. A. Sims, a relative of the bride. Following the wedding there was a reception given at the home of the young bride's parents, and all went merrily on.

Monday morning Gabhart walked out from his home presumably to attend to some duties on the farm, and that was the last seen of him. The neighborhood has been searched for the missing bridegroom, but no trace of him can be found. His wife is almost heartbroken over the mysterious and unaccountable disappearance of her husband.

MOORESVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle H. Whiteman have returned home, after a pleasant visit with relatives near Springfield.

Mr. Delbert Farris is quite ill of pneumonia.

Mr. Edd Yocum and family spent several days last week with relatives at Tatham Springs.

Miss Fanny Lyddane and Mr. Hubert Virgin were quietly married on last Wednesday afternoon at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Louisville, by Rev. W. H. Williams, of Springfield. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Lyddane and is a popular young lady. She was formerly day operator for the Cumberland Telephone Company at this place. The groom is a son of Mr. Thos. Virgin, of Maud, and is a prominent farmer. A host of friends wish them a happy voyage over the matrimonial sea.

Mr. Joe Bishop, wife and children were guests of Mr. C. R. Grigsby one day last week.

Miss Cassie Yancey spent several days last week with Miss Ardia Wall.

Mr. W. B. Vandye is spending this week with his cousin, Mr. Will Gray, of Polin.

When You Buy

BUY AT HOME
The Home Merchants merit your support, they are the mainstay of the community. And when you buy of Home Merchants, buy of those who advertise.

Dr. G. T. Burton
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield. — Ky.
Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

Local News Notes.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Condon, on January 26, a son.

Sell your Hides and Furs to Grinstead. He pays highest prices. Jones old stand.

Mr. Will Head bought the farm of Mr. R. L. Langford last Monday, paying \$70 an acre for it. Possession will be given about April 1.

NOTICE.—On February 20 our fourth annual Combination Horse Sale will take place at Boblitt & Bishop's Main street livery stable in Springfield. Get your horses ready; we will have some good buyers here for all classes of horses.

S. M. Campbell reports the sale of Albert Rudd and sisters on last Friday as being well attended and everything sold high. Three 8-year-old steers calves brought \$27.50 per head; one Jersey cow, \$60, one yearling Jersey heifer, \$40; one old mare, \$150; work mules very high; 1 sow and pigs, \$20.

Messrs. J. W. Funk and C. C. Cristie, of the Simms neighborhood, each lost a very fine young jack last Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, both dying of pneumonia. These animals were eighteen months old, and were said to have been among the best in this section of Kentucky. Mr. Cristie recently refused an offer of \$500 for his animal.

S. M. Campbell reports the live stock sale Tuesday out at Simms, Ky., for Oscar Reynolds as being well attended and everything sold high: One pair heavy team mares, 8 and 9-years-old, sold for \$356 for the team; one old gray mare, \$101; one gray horse, \$151.50; one old Jersey cow, \$24.75; farm implements sold well; corn brought 60 cents; hay, 50 to 55 cents.

Auctioneer S. M. Campbell reports county court day sales Monday as follows: The market on horses rather dull; lots of plugs sold at from \$5 to \$60 per head; good ones from \$85 to \$165 per head; mules were a little slow; sold one pair 7 and 8-year-old horse mules for \$175 for the team; one pair small 2-year-old horse mules well broke, for \$190. No cattle on the market, but considerable demand for it.

Buggies, Wagons ...Fencing...

I HAVE purchased the stock of Vehicles, consisting of Buggies, Wagons, Surreys, Runabouts, etc., from H. G. Shewmaker & Co., and will conduct the business in the building now occupied by that firm. I invite the people of Washington county to call to see me when needing anything in my line, and I assure all that my prices will be found as low, or lower, as can be made by any dealer in Vehicles.

I Will Handle the best Makes of Vehicles

And feel certain that I will be able to please all who call upon me, both as to price, style and material.

American Field ...FENCE...

I will also sell the American Field Fence lower than the lowest. The farmers of Washington county are too well acquainted with the excellent features of this fence and it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it in this advertisement.

Your patronage is most earnestly solicited.

A. C. KIMBALL

Opposite Boblitt & Bishop's Livery Stable

S. J. Anderson, L. B. Cain, Al Mudd and Dr. J. C. Mudd were among those from this place who attended the Knights of Columbus meeting in Lebanon Tuesday.

—Frank McWhorter, who recently recovered from a severe attack of scarlet fever, is now suffering from the after effects of the disease and, while his condition is not considered critical, yet it is serious.

BUSINESS MAN'S DECALOGUE.

The following ten commandments have been compiled for the modern business world:

1. Thou shalt not wait for something to turn up, but shalt pull off thy coat and go to work that thou mayest prosper in thy affairs and make the word "failure" spell "success."

2. Thou shalt not be content to get about thy business looking like a loaf, for thou shouldst know that thy personal appearance is better than a letter of recommendation.

3. Thou shalt not try to make excuses nor shalt thou say to those who chide thee: "I didn't think."

4. Thou shalt not wait to be told what thou shalt do, nor in what manner thou shalt do it, for thus may thy days be long in the job which fortune hath given thee.

5. Thou shalt not fail to maintain thine own integrity, nor shalt thou be guilty of anything that will lessen thy good respect for thyself.

6. Thou shalt not covet the other fellow's job, nor his salary, nor the position that he hath gained by his own hard labor.

7. Thou shalt not fail to live within thy income, nor shalt thou contract any debts when thou canst not see thy way clear to pay them.

8. Thou shalt not be afraid to blow thine own horn, for he who faileth to blow his own horn at the proper occasion findeth nobody standing ready to blow it for him.

9. Thou shalt not hesitate to say "No," when thou meanest "No," nor shalt thou fall to remember that there are times when it is unwise to blind thyself by a hasty judgment.

10. Thou shalt give every man a square deal. This is the best and greatest commandment, and there is no other like unto it. Upon this commandment hangs all the law and profits of the business world.—Graham Hood, in Storekeeper.

The SUN \$1

HILLSBORO.

As we have been absent from the good columns of this paper for some time I will try and perform my duty.

Mr. George Colvin, of Illinois, has bought the Ed Sutton farm. Price \$1,000.

Mr. Walter Raybourn, of Sweden Hill, is spending a few days with Richard Shewmaker.

Mr. Martha Cheatnam spent Sunday with Samuel Colvin, of this place.

Mr. Marshall Keeling sold his farm to Mr. John Crow; price \$2,500.

Albert Pinkston sold to E. J. Pinkston a sow and five pigs; price \$28.

Mrs. Melvory, of this place, is spending a few days with Mrs. Mary Melvory, of Willisburg.

Mr. Elvin Settles, who has been visiting his uncle at Lebanon, has returned home.

Mr. Sammie Colvin purchased a cow of Cooksey Bros. Price \$50.

Little Margie Oder, who has been confined to her bed for some time, is able to be out again.

Mr. Coleman Settles, who has had an attack of grip, is better at this writing.

Mr. Will Sutton sold his house and lot in Sycamore Valley to Colvin Bros. Price \$250.

Mr. C. W. Oder purchased 25 barrels of corn of Alex Armstrong; price \$3 per barrel.

Lee Settles bought of J. H. Settles an aged mare; price \$75.

Mr. Lonnie Noel and wife, of this place, spent Sunday with William Hardin, of Beaver Creek.

Mr. J. A. Coulter is erecting a nice building on his place, which will add much to the appearance of his farm.

Mr. Everett Scruggs, of Willisburg, spent Friday with his sister, Mrs. Tom Prather, at this place.

Mr. A. S. Hines was in Springfield on business Tuesday.

The death angel visited at the home of Mr. G. C. Farrew and took away his three-year-old son. Death was due to membranous croup.

Mr. Will Oder, of New Port, Ohio, is visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mr. Henry Hickerson and daughter Pearl, spent Saturday with Thomas Melvory and wife.

Mr. Tom Settles will crop this year with Tom Sutherland.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve: "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c. at Hayden & Robertson's drug store.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

The Springfield Sun AND The Louisville Times BOTH ONE YEAR \$3.50

Subscribe Today! Mail all orders to The Springfield Sun.

Do You Want a SMALL FARM?



LOOK
AT
THESE!

Cheaper Than You Can Build a House!

- No. 101.—60 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good pike, good 5 room dwelling, good stock barn, good orchard, all under good fence. One-fourth mile from school and one mile from church. Price, \$1,800.
- No. 102.—49 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, one-half mile from pike, 6 room dwelling, small stock barn, plenty of locusts, good fence, all in grass, plenty of water. Price, \$1,200.

B. D. LAKE, The Real Estate Man, Springfield, Ky.

IMPRESSING ISABEL.

By ELLIOT WALKER.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I'm sure I don't know how I am ever to get out of this scrape." The girl peered helplessly from the antiquated shed, shuddering at the thunder crashes close on the heels of every flash of lightning.

A deluge of rain swept across the wild pastures. The brook, fifty feet away, roared between its alder lined banks.

Upon her wide hat fell a steady drizzle from the leaky roof, and her thin dress was fast dampening in the mist driven shelter.

She forced a laugh. Isabel Lynn was not easily daunted. Of course it was lonely and wet and very shattering to the nerves, but she was perfectly safe. Oh, yes; let her thank her stars to be secure under the friendly boards.

Suddenly a gasp broke from her. She shrank back. Something was coming with leaps through the high weeds growing rankly at the corner of her retreat. Through Isabel's startled brain tore thoughts of dangerous animals. The near mountain might loom anything. She covered into the farthest corner. Surely the thing would go by.

But it didn't. It dashed under the shed, with a loud snort, blowing and shaking vigorously, then stood gazing at the storm, and words came to Isabel's horrified ears in a steady stream of disgusted wrath.

"Well, if this doesn't beat me! Look at my shoes! Look at my new flannel suit! My hat is ruined! The next time I go trawling around on the trail of a girl I'll know it. Foster Allison, you're an unmitigated ass. I guess the charming Miss Lynn will not have the pleasure of meeting you! Girls! Bah! I'll take the first train home. I wish I'd never heard of her."

"So do I!" sounded a voice in his ear.

The man jumped and wheeled. He saw a slender, white gowning figure straighten up, take a forward step and then halt. A clasp of thunder drowned his exclamation. Then his jaw fell.

"I tried to. Really, I—I am overjoyed to—to be here, Miss Lynn. Of course you are—you—that is—bless my soul! So unexpected, you know. Quite a shower."

He cut a ridiculous figure in his starting embarrassment, pulling off the wet straw hat, bowing in his soaked garments, greatly at loss for words, woefully conscious of what he had said. And he knew that Isabel Lynn had heard him as a model of courtesy and easy manners.

He scuffed a hesitating toe in the dirt, smiling idiotically. Was it for this—his fifty mile journey?

"Isabel is extremely particular and sensitive to first impressions," his Aunt Julia had said. "Here is your letter of introduction, Foster. It's silly to go crazy over a photograph, but go ahead. She is worth it. Everything depends upon the way she is approached. I've praised you to her up to the skies."

The girl stepped nearer, eying him in scornful amusement. Her eyes were bright with ill concealed desire to humble. The dampness had curled her disordered hair in bewitching rings about her white forehead. Roses alone in the smooth cheeks where sarcastic dimples played.

Allison thought he had never seen a more lovely face nor one so unreadable. Idly swinging her hat, she surveyed him curiously, with a chilling hauteur, which stung him to steadiness and a reckless impulse to retort.

"When one summers at a farmhouse and takes long strolls an occasional setting must be expected. Mr. Allison," said Isabel evenly. "You shouldn't mind your new suit or your shoes. Dear me, how childish! I have heard that you could afford to disregard trifles. I wasn't to blame. You needn't have 'trailed' me."

Allison regarded her in silence. There was more than a hint of disappointment in Isabel's tone. Had she been prejudiced in his favor only to react sharply at his boyish outburst? Surely some humor lay in the situation. Couldn't the girl see it? He reflected dismally that many women never forgive slighting remarks, even when uttered in unmeaning carelessness.

The cool voice went on.

"I suppose they told you at the house that I was over this way?"

Foster nodded.

"And you never imagined I might be in this shed?"

A head shake.

"You must have had me very much on your mind. Were I a big man seeking a lost damsel my idea would be to keep my eyes open for the shelters to which she would sensibly run, not lose my wits in selfish consideration of rain and then anathematize the lady."

She laughed cuttingly.

Allison's countenance was reddening.

"Vix don't you speak?" The upthrust of her chin was a challenge for his reply. She would laugh and forgive him after sufficient reduction.

"I'm thinking," said Allison slowly.

"I'm trying to make out what chance I have of—of—"

"What chance?" Her eyes opened wide at his seeming audacity.

"Of catching the 6 o'clock train. It is getting late."

"Oh!" Isabel looked down. Then up.

A strange darkness was settling down upon the earth. Both had forgotten the storm, now grumbling back from the south. The men stepped out in the rain. In a moment he returned. His face was set in hard, worried lines.

"You'll put on my coat, and we'll get

into the open," said he decidedly. "I may be a fool, but I know something of cloudbursts. This building isn't safe. Quick!"

A sharp command, a clutch beneath her arm, then a rapid hoisting over rough ground, through a pelt of huge drops, to a low stone wall, and Isabel, breathless, felt herself pulled to her knees, while a strong arm clasped her firmly.

Forgetting all save the recognition of superior strength and judgment, appalled by the murky blackness, the reverberating shocks of heaven's artillery thundering over the hills, she nestled against him, with a little cry, as before her frightened gaze a broad sheet of flame showed bonking trees flattened to earth and a distant rail fence flung into flying wreckage.

The man held her more tightly with an unconscious pressure. His face was set and steady, tense in his watch, yet filled with that bold, half smiling light seen on the visages of those who fearlessly face danger.

The next bright flash found her eyes meeting his in a look as rapid and intense as the lightning itself. The girl smiled at him as his breath drew in sharply.

"Down!" shouted Allison. "Flat! It's coming. Shut your eyes and hang to my neck."

Isabel did. In the roar of the elements she clung blindly to him, conscious only of a deafening noise and a sense of collapse.

The hush following was broken by Allison's laugh.

"Thought so," he uttered. "Look! Our shed is a heap of sticks, Miss Lynn. That miniature cyclone hit it just right. Well, well, if I hadn't happened to think so much of my clothes!"

"Don't!" said the girl. "Don't, please!"

The man solemnly consulted his watch.

"If we hurry," he observed, "I can get you to the hotel and catch my train."

Isabel caught his sleeve.

"No," she whispered softly. "I'd rather you would miss it."

.....

Allison's Aunt Julia was speaking of his engagement a month after a be-draggled couple surprised the occupants of a certain farmhouse.

"I don't understand how Foster managed it so quickly," she said. "I find my letter of introduction was not used. He must have made an excellent impression the minute he met Isabel."

.....

Napoleon and the Roman Law.

Napoleon I. had an extraordinary mind. He appeared never to forget anything he cared to remember and assimilated information as the stomach assimilates food, retaining only the valuable. An incident will illustrate this remarkable quality of his mind.

When forming the "Code Napoleon" he frequently astonished the council of state by the skill with which he illustrated any point in discussion by quoting whole passages from memory of the Roman civil law. The council wondered how a man whose life had been passed in camp came to know so much about the old Roman laws. Finally one of them asked him how he acquired his knowledge.

"When I was a lieutenant," Napoleon replied, "I was unjustly placed under arrest. My small prison room contained no furniture except an old chair and a cupboard. In the latter was a ponderous volume, which proved to be a digest of the Roman law. You can easily imagine what a valuable prize the book was to me. It was so bulky and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript that I had been confined 100 years I need never have been idle. When I recovered my liberty, at the end of ten days, I was astounded by Justinian and the decisions of the Roman legislation. It was then I acquired my knowledge of the civil law."

.....

Marriage Among the Aztecs.

The Aztecs, the most civilized people of the new world at the time of its discovery, had a curious marriage custom. The ceremony was performed by a priest, who took the hands of the bride and bridegroom, asking them if they would marry.

He then took a corner of the woman's veil and the man's robe and knotted them together, and so they were led to the bridegroom's house. A fresh fire was then kindled on the hearth, and around this fire the priest caused the bride to go seven times. The wedded couple then sat down together, and so was the marriage contracted. An inventory was also made, which the father of the bride afterward retained, of all the man and wife brought together, of furniture for the house, of land, of jewels, ornaments and clothes. Then if it chanced that the couple were divorced (as was common among the Aztecs when man and wife did not agree) they divided the goods according to the portion each had brought to the other, both man and wife having liberty to marry again when they pleased. Of the children of the marriage the daughters were given to the wife and the sons to the husband. It was enacted upon pain of death that the divorced couple were not again to remarry.

.....

All Details Arranged.

"Dear," whispered the cloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the coy damsel. "Pa said he'd pull it up again so we couldn't get back."—Philadelphia Press.

.....

Feminine Logic.

"George, you seem to be losing all control over Jimmie."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, he won't do a thing I tell him to do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ONLY
\$1
PER YEAR

Send The Sun to Those Away
"It's Just Like a Letter From Home"

ONLY
\$1
PER YEAR

Dr. W. F. Trusty,
Practical
Dentist,
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Dental work at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.
Office over Haydon & Barber.

B. D. LAKE,
Insurance Agent,
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.
Life, Fire and Accident.

Old Massachusetts Mutual, always reliable and the best dividend-paying company in the world. Your insurance solicited.

DR. M. W. HYATT,
DR. JNO. M. SPAULDING.

OFFICE OVER
THE RED CROSS DRUG STORE
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY

OFFICE HOURS:
DR. HYATT 10:30 to 12 m.
4 to 5 p. m.
DR. SPAULDING—2 to 4 p. m.
And in office all Night.

Dr. J. C. Mudd
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY

OFFICE OVER C. J. HAYDON'S DRUG STORE
Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M. 1 to 2 P. M.

J. H. LAMPTON, M. D.
SPRINGFIELD, KY.

Office in Opera House.
Office phone No. 5. Residence, No. 38

MISS ELLA ADAMS,
NURSE.

TELEPHONES:
Day, 49. Night, 109.

T. SCOTT MAYES,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties, in the Court of Appeals and Federal Courts.

C. C. MCCHORD,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in all State and Federal Courts.

W. D. CLAYBROOKE,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the courts of Appeals.

W. E. SELECMAN,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in court of Appeals.

MARSHALL DUNCAN,
—LAWYER—
Springfield, Ky.

Office in Robertson Building.
Will practice in the Courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

S. M. CAMPBELL,
AUCTIONEER
Springfield, Ky.

Crying of public sales, a specialty.
"Will go anywhere." Terms reasonable.
Phone 84.

JOHN Y. MAYES,
Funeral Director
—And—
Licensed Embalmer,
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Best Attention.
Every courtesy shown.

Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes.
Telephone: Day, 19; Night, 74.

THE SUN AND

Both by Post 17

Bryan's Commoner.....\$1.50

Weekly Courier-Journal.....1.50

Weekly Louisville Herald.....1.25

Nashville American.....1.50

Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer.....1.75

Weekly Atlanta Constitution.....1.75

Semi-Weekly St. Louis Republic.....1.75

Democrat.....1.75

Three-a-Week New York World.....1.75

Home and Farm.....1.25

American Agriculturist.....1.75

American Epitome.....1.50

American Farmer.....1.50

Breeders' Gazette.....2.25

Country Gentleman.....2.00

Farm and Fireside.....1.25

Farm, Field and Fireside.....1.75

Review of Reviews.....2.25

Lippincott's Magazine.....2.55

Scribner's Magazine.....4.00

Lodge Monthly.....1.75

Harper's Magazine.....4.35

Harper's Weekly.....4.35

Sunny South.....1.50

YOUR WINTER READING



Should be selected now. Call upon The Sun and let us assist you. Of course you will include THE SUN

\$1.00 PER YEAR

KARL ENGEL ADVENTURER

By
DONALD KENNICOTT

(Copyright, by Bobbe-Merrill Co.)

Under the gigantic dummy ham which hangs before the door of the market, Karl Engel's fat spaniel sleeps the deep sleep of noontide and of repletion. Within, Karl Engel himself leans back in his chair, with his paddy hands clasped over his stomach, and—dozes. The young reporter who stands on the street corner waiting for a car which is to bear him down to his daily tasks, for the hundredth time tells himself gloomily that the world is composed entirely of the bourgeoisie, and that Karl Engel in particular, dozing there in the butcher shop, is bourgeois to the nth power.

Whistling aggressively, Karl's assistant comes in from his belated luncheon and resumes his perch. The wholesaler's wagon backs up to the sidewalk, and Karl, bestirring himself to flicker with the driver concerning the choice of meats, presently staggers back into the shop under an imposing quarter of beef. With a mighty heave, he lifts it so that it shall catch the hook, and as it swings into place on the rack, he brings it to a standstill with a resounding slap that is really a caress, and murmurs to himself, "Ach, he was a fine fellow now. He came from out there."

For though Karl's body was cabled within the narrow precincts of a metropolitan meat market, his soul fared far abroad into the celestial spaces of the western wide world. A fair, free, fabulous land of Bret Harle and large pistols, of Mayne Reid and savage beasts, of Harry Castleman and mad Mexicans. Out there the good, brave beef cattle roamed up and down, pawing the snow until the quick-frozen "lasso" laid them low; out there the fabled Indian added arrows to one's person and rare zest to every enterprise; and there was gold and blood and fire—a man's world. Ah, him, some day he would go, even he, Karl Engel, of Market street, would go out there, away from beavers which were but stiff and bloodless simulators, away from men who were but pale, soulless shadows, away from—yes, one must be prepared to make some sacrifices—away from the big, brown glass at Kohlberg's on the corner.

With each recurring spring there came days when, occasion permitting, Karl would shuffle wearily up and down the sawdusted floor of the shop, instead of dozing in his chair. At ways then, Paul Ludwig, the assistant, who was ambitious to possess a shop of his own, would inquire quite pertinently why, then, he did not go out there. But always Karl would sigh gloomily, and defer the matter of departure until his bank account should have reached the definite and delectable sum of \$2,500; and gradually the springtime and the Wanderlust would wear away together.

Yet, at last, on a rare, balmy day in March, there came news that the death of that far-away uncle which sets so many ambitious at liberty to vault, had placed to Karl's credit a multitude of marks, when, translated into the good round dollars of the republic, brought the bank account well above the determined sum. Karl was now his own man; and Karl, after pacing up and down in the sawdust for a stormy hour, thumped down his fist upon the cleaver-block and spoke with the stern voice of mighty resolve. He would go; to-morrow he would go; and Paul Ludwig must run the shop and hire a new assistant.

Sleepless hours of preparation ensued. First the making of his will, in which, as a childless widower, he bequeathed the bank account to his brother's little girl and the shop to the faithful Paul Ludwig. Next, the packing of the ancient leather trunk—an operation that for years he had rehearsed and secretly prepared for. Side by side in its capacious depths were tucked the Mackinac blanket-suit which he had bought nine years before, on hearing its cold-resisting virtues praised by the distinguished lumberjack in Kohlberg's back room; the slashed Mexican trousers of black velvet which six years before he had seen worn at the masked ball of the County Democracy, and had astutely traced back to the costumers whence they came; the low-heeled farmer's boots which he had observed in the window of a shop near the Union station; the hairbrush, necessary red handkerchief and the smoked goggles with which to combat the desert sun. With them, too, were placed the "lasso" which on a glad, golden day long ago, while over the "yards" he paid his bills, Karl had seen fall from the saddle of one of the yard herders; the big pistol upon which he had looked with covetous eyes for months; as it lay in the dusty pawn shop window, until he had seen another customer considering it, and had been frightened into immediate purchase; and last—but, oh, not least—the long, brass-mounted target rifle, with its exaggerated butt-plate and fore-end handle, with which Karl, at the monthly meeting of the Schutzenverein, given a solid rest and six min-

utes in which to aim, would pot the bull's-eye with a precision altogether appalling.

Remained but to purchase the ticket. And this at first was a difficulty, for neither Don Carlos' rancho, nor "a lonely log cabin gilded by the rays of the declining sun," nor—alas—Dead Man's gulch, are to be found upon the folders of any railroad. Yet here Karl showed himself to be a man of resource and worthy of great enterprise. He bought a ticket clear to the coast, and set out with the grave determination to choose his place of debarkation from the car window. Thus it happened that on a windy day in March Don Quixote of the Marques, squirrel and clad incredibly, rode out of the picturesque little New Mexican town of Medellin upon a rocking old Rosinante for which he had paid four pieces, beating across his saddle bow the long brass-mounted rifle of the Schutzenverein. Upon his brow was the black cross or dire discomfort and of high purpose, but in his heart welled up the all-pervading joy of attainment. Would but the Fates be kind!

A road was their instruments—a kindly, devious road that avoided alike the baseball park just outside of town, the farmhouses along the river, and the near-by grove, where at that very moment an unmistakable Sunday-school picnic was rioting in infinite cream. Out over rocky, sun-scorched hills, and through dusty, barren valleys, the road led him, and Fancy peopled their desolate solitudes with all the puppets of our latter-day romance. The up-toasted dust of the road was redolent of blood and battle; the yelping of distant cattle was clamorous of midnight raid and deadly stampede; gold glistened in each crystalline pebble. And when a string of steers passed over the brow of a neighboring hill, the heart of Karl Engel was lifted as at sight of an uncovered treasure, and he fingered his "lasso" with longing and—doubt.

A roadside cross, carved on a boulder 50 years before, by devout Mexicans, who thought thereby to commemorate some soon-forgotten scalp-lifting, then caught Karl's eye. Instantly he dismounted, and after a pious prayer for the repose of these unshriven souls, swept a rapturous hour in fingering the time-worn inscription and speculating upon the tumultuous day it recorded. To him, that bit of rock depicted whole troops of swarthy villains in velvet, a dark-eyed maiden radiant with all allurements, and a heroic cavalier, whose plunging steed bore a double burden from out the smoke of battle.

The road beckoned. Just over the crest of a rocky ridge, it brought him suddenly upon a windmill, solitary, gigantic, mysterious. The cattle, for whom its office was to pump water, were far abroad in the hills; no human habitation was in sight; the murmur of the faint north-day wind in the motionless sails whispered dark tales of murder and of massacre. Unguided, Rosinante sought the water-trough; Karl dismounted stiffly, and after slaking his own thirst, fell to munching crackers and sardines that he had respectfully substituted for the unpurchasable glories of pemmican and jerked buffalo tongue. Then strolling warily about, he came suddenly upon a thing which brought him up short, open-mouthed and awe-struck. A small thing, too, Fact would have described it as the ashes of a camp-fire built about a dead yucca, the bones of a calf that had been roasted thereon, the empty shell of the cartridge that had been expended in slaying the beast, and a pair of cast-off boots. Fancy told another tale: of the lonely home of an adventurous pioneer; of demoniac war-whoops at dead of night; of yelling savages leaping in fire around the flames that flared about their victims at the stake. Fascinated, Don Quixote tiptoed gingerly closer; furtively he slipped in his pocket, as a memento, the empty shell; furiously he vowed vengeance on the first misguided redskin that ventured to cross his path.

Altering the road led on, over hill and dale, ridge and arroyo, a mile or so beyond the enchanted windmill Don Quixote pulled in his Rosinante with a jerk, for unmistakably he heard the sound of "footsteps approaching on horseback." A moment and then a solitary horseman appeared trotting down the road toward him, and his heart beat fast for joy. It might have been Alkali Ike; it might have been Chick-saw Charlie, perhaps even Billy the Kid; but after all, Karl decided for Deadwood Dick. Fact, indeed, knew the rider for old man Johnston's tenderfoot nephew, garbed in the remarkable attire affected by his kind—harmful and unnecessary chaparrals, the widest of wide sombreros, and the four-handled, nickel-plated revolver, whose very shadow is tabooed. Perhaps he, too, in his small-souled way, was Don Quixote—further exemplifying the truth of Mr. Oscar Wilde's paradox that literature is not the criticism of life so much as life is the criticism of literature.

"Good evening, partner," remarked Deadwood Dick, with easy nonchalance.

"Howdy, stranger," returned Don Quixote in a ready but awe-stricken whisper, and when the youth had passed turned to look after him. Deadwood Dick, beyond the shadow of a doubt, his hand was the skin of a rattlesnake.

The road wound on, endless, enticing, pregnant with all the promise of a ranch house. Yet still the ardent spirit of Don Quixote, granted his weary body no rest, for Fact and Fancy still dallied with one another. Don Quixote, indeed, was close to the house, and warm visions of hospitable bed and board swam in his mind,

when suddenly Clamor came, and in her train were Tumult and Up roar, Turmoil and Riot. Shadowy forms danced madly about in the faint moonlight, shooting inconspicuously, yelling horribly, beating pans. Fact had it that the occupants of the house having that day been married, his friends were indulging themselves in the delicate western custom known as a "chivaree"—assailing the nuptial abode with a sort of epithalamial chorus of hideous noises until the groom should appear with brown jugs of sedative liquors. Fancy, however, knew well that here was a wild night of battle; hoarse shouts of blood-thirsty outlaws; deafening detonations of musketry; throbbing tom-toms of savage allies; groans of wounded, sighs of dying; rapine, pillage, slaughter.

With no thought of retreat, but in pitiable perplexity as to the identity of friend and foe, Don Quixote made ready his weapons and urged Rosinante hither and thither about the borders of the melee. The uproar waxed terrific, culminating in a vast and universal ululation of victory, when Benedict, yielding at last, brought forth his tribute to the turbulent disciples of Bacchus. A noisy division of the spoils followed, and Karl was edging in closer, when an unsteady figure staggered toward him, engaged with a furious combat with his own shadow. The shadow became superimposed upon Don Quixote, and it occurred to the befuddled warrior to discharge his pistol in close proximity to the ear of Rosinante. The result was retreat inglorious, unsteady, inconspicuous; and when Karl at length pulled in his trembling steed, darkness and silence enveloped him.

Yet at last stern Fact took nimble Fancy to task, and their offspring was Adventure. Crouching by the roadside over a fire of brushwood he had with difficulty constructed, Karl passed a sleepless night, obsessed by a haunting dread that though the gods might vouchsafe to him a Pisgah sight of these, their promised glories, they would deny him participation. And at dawn, when he mounted stiffly and spurred the unwilling Rosinante onward, his heart was very heavy. Then it was, however, that he attained and achieved.

For, lo! out of what could but be Dead Man's gulch there appeared an undeniable stage coach, drawn by the quick-trotting mules. It debouched upon the main road; overtook Karl; and passed him in a cloud of glorious dust. It does not matter that the mule team, upon this vehicle had long since been usurped by a 40-horsepower Mercedes; nor that it now served merely as a reliable and dust-proof carriage in which to transport from the railway station the superintendent of the Golden Eagle mine, the monthly satchel stuffed with pay-envelopes and an occasional visiting stockholder. Nor is it even of importance that the man who stood waiting with drawn revolvers behind a boulder, a little farther on, was not a recrudescent road agent, but a discharged gang foreman, seeking at once revenge and recuperated fortune. Reality and appearance were in all fundamentals identical.

And so when Don Quixote, relentlessly spurring Rosinante forward in the hope of one last glimpse, galloped over the crest of a little ridge, he saw before him a true, real and indubitable stage coach robbery—the three hapless passengers standing with uplifted hands at the mercy of the menacing weapons in the hands of a lone, masked bandit. The supreme moment had come, yet Don Quixote did not hesitate, for his part in the drama was all too obvious. Instantly he slid down from the unstable back of Rosinante, and kneeling, rested upon a rock the long, brass-bound rifle of the Schutzenverein. Facing about, the road agent opened fire upon him, but Karl did not hasten unduly. Four times the bandit fired, and though he expended the contents of his magazine, the bullet from his revolver, striking Karl in the hip, spun him over in the dust unheeded. But in that same instant, the long target rifle had spoken also, and its word was deadly.

Thus briefly ended Don Quixote of the Market his knightly errand. For though the mine superintendent caused him to be cared for most tenderly, yet even when he emerged from the delirium of the initial fever it appeared that he was not wholly sane. And it was therefore deemed best to send him, under the care of a doctor, to that address which, along with some moneys, was found in a curious old wallet under his shirt. Thither he came safely, and when he had been nursed back to health by his brother's wife, he told a tale of his adventures in that far, free, fabulous western land, which they needs must believe even as he did, for he bore its proof upon his person.

Under the gigantic dummy ham which hangs before the door of the meat market, Karl Engel's fat spaniel sleeps the deep sleep of noontide and of repletion. Within, Karl Engel himself, his right leg extended stiffly leans back with his paddy hands clasped over his stomach, and dozes, dreams of the poignant and passionate life out there, all of which he saw part of which he was. The young reporter who stands on the street corner, waiting for a car which is to bear him down to his daily perambulations, looks into the shop at the dominant figure of Karl Engel, and for the thousandth time tells himself gloomily that the world is populated exclusively by the unimaginative bourgeoisie.

Denmark's Unsavory Record.
The highest suicide rate of any nation is that of Denmark.

LOOK!

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

The Cost of \$1,000 Insurance

In the usiness Men's Life Insurance Company,
of Louisville, Ky.

AGE.		AGE.		AGE.	
20	\$9.15	32	\$ 9.85	44	\$12.11
21	9.15	33	9.97	45	12.47
22	9.20	34	10.06	46	12.93
23	9.25	35	10.10	47	13.35
24	9.30	36	10.33	48	13.90
25	9.35	37	10.46	49	14.55
26	9.40	38	10.64	50	15.32
27	9.48	39	10.83	51	16.15
28	9.53	40	11.03	52	17.09
29	9.62	41	11.25	53	18.14
30	9.68	42	11.50	54	19.34
31	9.76	43	11.78	55	20.68

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL ON

Business Men's Life Insurance Co., Louisville, Ky., or

Lee VanArsdale, Springfield, Ky.

The Louisville Times...

In the largest afternoon paper published anywhere, it prints the news right up to the minute. Four or more editions every day. The regular price of The Times is \$5 a year, but you can get

The SUN and THE TIMES both one year for only \$3.50..

If you will send your order to this paper—NOT to The Times

A Money-maker for Agents.

"THE OLD WORLD AND ITS WAYS"

By William Jennings Bryan.

576 Imperial Octavo Pages. 251 Superb Engravings from photographs taken by Col. Bryan.

Recounting his trip around the world and his visits to all nations, the greatest book of travel ever written. Most successful seller of this generation. Four European in Four MONTHS! The agent's harvest. Write at once for "Territory" and "Agent's Outfit." AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE—Send fifty cents to cover cost of mailing and handling. Address: THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

We Print Sale Bills

AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

and we can handle all lines of job printing—it makes no difference how large or small the job may be. Call at this office and look over our samples of letter heads, envelopes, business cards and wedding stationery. You'll be pleased with our work, and prices will suit.

Best Work... Most Reasonable Prices

PATENTS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS &c.

Any person desiring to secure a patent should apply to the undersigned, who will quickly ascertain your opinion free whether an invention is patentable. He will also advise you as to the best method of securing a patent. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice. Without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handbook illustrating every patent. Terms, \$3 a copy. Sold by all news-dealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 204 E. St., Washington, D. C.

L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily, No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield.....	8:25 p. m.	12:30 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown.....	7:30 " "	11:00 a. m.	6:56 " "
Leaves Louisville.....	6:00 " "	8:20 " "	4:30 " "
Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44.
Leaves Springfield.....	5:50 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown.....	6:37 " "	8:00 " "	2:20 " "
Arrives at Louisville.....	8:10 " "	9:35 " "	5:45 p. m.

THE SAFEST AND QUICKEST WAY TO TRANSFER MONEY

IS BY
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

FOR RATES APPLY TO LOCAL MANAGER

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

THE BEST BUSINESS SCHOOL

ON EARTH

The best school on earth is the one that gives the best course in the shortest time and smallest expense and prepares the young people for the best positions. CLARK'S SCHOOL OF BUSINESS gives a complete course in the latest and most up-to-date system of Actual Practice Bookkeeping and Shorthand, and places all graduates in good positions, having many more calls than graduates. School is in Session all the Year. Individual Instruction and Enroll students any day. Get full particulars from the editor of this paper or Rev. Granville W. Lyon or write direct to the school, 1035 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

OUR GREAT

Mid-Winter Clearance Sale!

IS NOW ON AND FOR A SHORT TIME WE WILL MAKE PRICES WHICH WILL MOVE THE GOODS

For the Next TEN DAYS we Will Make SPECIAL REDUCTIONS on

LADIES' SKIRTS AND CLOAKS
Men's Overcoats, Suits and Odd Pants

We also desire to call attention to our prices on CARPETS, RUGS and MATTINGS

Grundy & McIntire, - Springfield

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Luther Burns, Springfield, has for sale a good milk cow with young calf.

W. H. Leachman, Springfield, has for sale a fresh Jersey cow.

Riley Comstock, Valley Hill, has for sale a 7 year-old 154 hands high black horse. Will work anywhere.

M. H. Jones, Springfield, has for sale a good milk cow.

W. D. Claybrooke has for sale a yearling bred Poland China Boar. One year old.

Dr. W. E. Crume, Fredericktown, has for sale a six-year-old fancy saddle and harness stallion.

A. C. Kimball, Springfield, has for sale White Plymouth Rock cockerels, \$1.00 each.

W. D. Claybrooke has for sale a lot of baled straw. Will deliver in Springfield.

W. P. Merritt, Springfield, has for sale full-blooded Berkshire hogs at prices to suit purchaser; also one Hereford bull, registered.

Mrs. Ed Birch, Springfield, Star Route, has for sale pure bred M. B. turkeys. Toms, \$3; hens, \$2.

J. S. Thomas, Rt. 3, has for sale thoroughbred white turkeys—toms, \$2, hens, \$1.50.

Mrs. M. M. Cregor, Rt. 3, Lebanon, Ky., has thoroughbred chickens for sale. 8, 9 Rhode Island Reds, pullets 50c each, cockerels 75c each. 3, P. Rocks, pullets and cockerels 50c each. These prices good for one month.

Mrs. J. R. Claybrooke, Rt. 3, has for sale thoroughbred Bourbon Reds. Toms, \$3; hens, \$2.

FACTS

The news items of the home community.

The things in which you are most interested.

The births, weddings, deaths of the people you know.

The social affairs of our own and surrounding towns.

These are the kind of facts this paper gives you in every issue. They are certainly worth the subscription price.

Dr. W. R. MORGAN

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist

PERMANENTLY LOCATED

At Wharton & Tapp's Stable in Springfield

Rates Reasonable. PHONE 3.

Read This

If you want a home and come to see me.

Farm of 135 acres in one mile of Springfield, dwelling, 2 tobacco barns, plenty of grass, plenty of tobacco land, well fenced and well watered. Will sell on easy terms or cash. Price \$6,000.00.

Good 7 room dwelling on one of the best streets in Springfield, good stable, water in yard, good well, 6 acres of ground, good garden, good shade, house new. Price \$3,000.00.

House, 10 rooms, 2 acres of ground, stable, fine garden, in fact everything house, fine pastures, in fact everything necessary. \$2,100.00.

This property is only on the market for a short time. If you want any of it call on or write me at once.

B. D. LAKE

Real Estate Agent
Springfield, Ky.REAL 'LIVE' GHOST
SEEN IN ENGLANDVISION OF VICAR IS PROJECTED
ALL THE WAY FROM ALGERIA
TO NORFOLKSHIRE.

ALLEGED PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

Disembodied Spirit in Bodily Shape
Seen by Preacher, Aged Woman
and Maid—Man Unconscious
at the Time.

London.—One of the chief topics in London recently has been the Astley ghost story, which from the state-ments made by persons concerned, the circumstances of the alleged apparition, and the effort made at prompt investigation, deserves a special place in the chronicles of alleged psychic phenomena.

As a rule, ghost stories rest upon second-hand evidence. In this instance three persons have made affidavits of what they saw. One is Rev. Robert Brock, who is acting as locum tenens for Rev. Dr. Hugh Astley, vicar of East Rudham, who is wintering in Algeria and whose disembodied spirit is stated to have made its appearance in bodily shape at his Norfolkshire vicarage.

The first news of the alleged apparition was published in the London Times in a letter from Rev. Robert Brock. The Times assigned a well-qualified correspondent to investigate and while this correspondent has been unable to see the apparition himself, his circumstantial reports have been a plausible contribution to the case.

Rev. Mr. Brock's story follows: "Owing to the fact that his wife was not in good health, Dr. Astley, vicar of East Rudham, decided to winter in a warmer climate, obtaining a chaplaincy at Biskra, Algeria, and left England with Mrs. Astley on December 10. It was arranged that I should act as locum tenens.

I met Mrs. Astley for the first time in London on December 9 and spent not more than half an hour with him



The Apparition, Seized Beside the Garden Wall.

prior to coming on here; and I heard nothing more of him until December 26, when I received a letter from Rev. Herbert Muri, the English chaplain at Algiers, announcing that Dr. and Mrs. Astley had sustained injuries in a railway accident on December 16. On the same evening I got the letter I was seated in the dining-room when Mrs. Hartley, the housekeeper, came to me and said: 'Come and see Dr. Astley' and led me into the study.

"Looking through the glass window on the lawn, I myself distinctly saw the figure of Dr. Astley in clerical attire standing against the wall which adjoins the dining-room. It certainly was not a reflection of my own face, for I am clean shaven, and the face of the figure I saw wore a beard and mustache. It was distinctly Dr. Astley as I saw him in London. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. I was not dreaming. The figure was not looking at me.

"Mrs. Hartley had a candle in her hand, and I tried to take it away. I still saw the figure most clearly. A

housemaid who had joined us also could see the figure.

"I will go and have a look in the garden," I said, and I did so. There was nothing to be seen there; and when I returned the vision had gone."

On the following Tuesday, December 29, Mrs. Hartley again saw the apparition. "As on the previous occasion," continued Mr. Brock, "Mrs. Hartley went to close the shutters of the study, and came running in to me, saying: 'Come quickly! Here it is again!' I went rapidly to the study. Looking through the window I again saw distinctly the vision on the lawn, albeit it was not so distinctly visualized as before, probably because of the strong moon shining."

After the first apparition telegrams were sent to Algiers inquiring about the Astleys. The response came that both Dr. and Mrs. Astley were progressing comfortably, but, curiously enough, a letter, written December 26, which arrived in England later, revealed the interesting fact that Dr. Astley was suffering from concussion of the brain, and presumably was unconscious at the time of the apparition.

A Cold Proposition. "What we want is an administration that is fearless and energetic," said the patriot; "an administration that is unembarrassed by compromising friendships and unprejudiced by personal antipathies."

"Nonsense!" interrupted the practical politician, "what I want is an administration that can be relied on to give me a job."—Washington Star.

Will Use South African Coal. It has been stated in the Calcutta press that the government railways in India will next year use coal brought to India by steamer from Natal, because it is better than Bengal coal and more economical.

Increases Liquor Duties. The British government has increased the duties on spirits for Sierra Leone 25 per cent. in response to the agitation concerning liquor traffic in Africa.

Horses Lose Their Job. The city of Milwaukee has almost abolished the use of horses, and all municipal departments.

A camel will work seven or eight days without drinking, thus differing from man, who will, at least during the holidays, drink seven or eight days without working.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising so to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost you much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

By Right of Love

A Short Study of Rural Life.

By Mary C. Ringwalt.

(Copyright, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

The doctor, John Norton, held the lines listlessly as he drove down the country road. The Smith baby was teething—he might have to lance her gums. Tommy Peterson, who had personally investigated the mystery of the forbidden fruit in the form of green apples, was on the road to recovery and new mischief. Even the judge no longer needed the ministrations of a doctor so much as those of a nurse. There were no critical cases to scatter his thoughts that swarmed about the anxiety of his own home.

His little mother was breaking down. It was all his fault, accused his morbid thoughts. In their last talk together he had promised his father to take care of her. And it had come to only this! Like all sensitive natures he measured his actions by their result, not their motive—blamed himself for the renunciation of personal opportunity and ambition for the sake of the same little mother with her pleading cry that her boy would not leave her in her loneliness. Had he only dared selfishness—insisted that she should tear loose the clinging love for the old home for his new one in the strange, dreaded city, by now he could have kept her in ease and luxury.

Norton's forehead puckered in a calculating twist. Although the drought had made money, "tight" among his farming clientele he could manage to borrow a hundred or two to send her to the "shore" for the complete rest and change that would alone be her salvation—but there was his mother's indomitable will to be reckoned with! Her alert knowledge of his affairs prevented kindly deception and he knew that no power on earth could persuade her to spend a borrowed penny on herself.

The doctor despaired—he was searching for hidden possibilities among his uncollected, uncollectible



With a New Spurt of Fury the Fight Continued.

bills. Then, even in that worried moment the doctor smiled. He had remembered Joe Riley's \$300.

As the months had piled themselves up two years after Joe's operation, this promised bonanza had been the pet dream-castle built by the doctor and his mother in their twilight talks; the family glory of the summer breakfast hour. And yet only last week when the doctor had broached the subject to Joe now there had seemed a definite purpose in the latter's eye as he begged Norton to wait until the first of September—why, that was today! Of course nothing would come of it, but his despair clutched at even a straw of hope, and flicking Molly B. with his whip he hastened toward the toll-gate, passing under its lifted white arm into Centerville, one of the little squat, one-story towns dotting Cloverdale county, over which the doctor's practice sprawled.

Old farmer White, his legs in faded blue overalls twisted about a keg of nails, was ornamenting the platform in front of Watson's as the doctor's buggy drew up.

"Hello, Pete!"

The doctor leaned out of the buggy, peeping in through the open door to a laughing group of men loitering over a counter.

"Say, Pete," he called, "ask Joe Riley to come out here a moment, will you? I want to speak to him."

"Sure!" was the ready answer, but instead of entering the store he shuffled down the steps and approached the buggy giving a low chuckle with the same shuffling quality as his walk.

"Heard the news about him, Doc?" Pete puffed the question out slowly with rising rings of smoke from the pipe.

Norton shook his head.

"Had a windfall. Brother dead in California. Left Joe \$2,000. Ain't that what you call luck?" The chuckle shifted through his speech, punctuating it with dashes. "It weren't said in till to-day, but Joe knew it was a coming a week or more ago. He's celebrating now by treating the boys to drinks. I—He stopped, suddenly conscious of the doctor's absent-minded gaze.

The doctor sat silent, a shining light in his eyes. He was not a praying man, but there had been times in

his professional life when his heart lifted to the Supreme Mystery in words of praise unspoken by his shy lips. And now he felt that a power outside himself, above, beyond himself, had laid a divine gift in the outstretched hand of his necessity.

Riley had known of his legacy at their last meeting—that had been the meaning then of the definite purpose in his eye when he had asked the doctor to wait.

The laughter trailed from the shop to the sidewalk, and Joe Riley stalked pompously toward the buggy, the "boys" in his triumphant wake.

"Well, Doc," said Riley with boisterous joviality, "what is it to-day—ten, oats, or a clothes-wringer?"

The doctor laughed. "I guess it's congratulations first, isn't it, Joe?"

"Pete's been leaking!" Riley playfully slapped the man's shoulder. There followed a general exchange of bantering pleasantries, then in a little drift of silence the doctor said genially: "So this legacy was in your mind a week ago, Joe, when you asked me to wait to settle that little business affair of ours?"

Riley lifted one foot to the buggy step and bent over to tie a dragging shoe-string. "Yes, Doc, I had the legacy in mind all right."

Norton's smile held the radiance of sunshine after a storm. "The money couldn't have come in more handy, Joe. That little mother of mine is all worn out. Now I shall take your \$300 and send her to the shore for as long a time as she can coax her to stay."

"You ain't a-tryin' your chicken before you've caught it, be you, Doc?" "I—don't quite understand?" The doctor's mind fumbled for the point of humor in Joe's joke.

"This here sleek, bobtailed fortune ain't no back horse to haul a load of debts. She's to be ridden for sport—see?"

"Come, Joe," said the doctor quietly, "quit your fooling. I'm in dead earnest."

"So am I!"

Norton's eyes blazed. "Joe Riley, I give you fair warning—I'll put up with no nonsense! You'll pay me that \$300 or I'll have the law on you!"

And the laugh on you, Doc Norton," cried Joe, mimicking the doctor's tone. "Your bill was outlawed yesterday—I had that in mind, too, when I asked you to give me another week!"

For an instant the doctor sat motionless, then he threw the lines out of his hands and jumped from the buggy. Dashing off his coat and tossing it on the sidewalk, he cried: "The bill's outlawed, is it? By heaven, we'll settle it without the law then!" The astonished Riley slunk back from Norton's threatening. "You're making a pretty good bluff, Doc," he laughed derisively, "but it don't cut any ice with me! You bookies men ain't got the ginger to fight, and—"

A blow from Norton's fist stung a crimson trail down Riley's left cheek. With a cry of rage Joe sprang upon his antagonist.

Out of a swirling cloud of dust up and down the pike men came running. "Something was doing" in front of Watson's—in the field the plow was left in the furrow; in the butcher shop the cleaver flung down upon the chopping-block!

There was no time for explanations, and the crowd was not one of fine discrimination, but for the past ten years Doc Norton had come into intimate touch with their lives and hearts, and they championed him to a man.

"Go it, Doc! Steady there! That's the boy, Doc!" was the cry given in an ascending scale of enthusiasm.

Riley's great bulk was now a wall of self-defense, now a battering ram of danger against his foe. But Norton's staying power, his habit of ignoring fatigue, aches and pain in the performance of a physician's duties, had stored the strength of resistance in every fiber of his being, while his alertness, both of mind and body, gained in telling force when brought into prolonged play with Riley's lumbering clumsiness.

The blow upon Joe's left cheek no longer showed—his whole face was a purplish crimson, drops of sweat trickling from his forehead. His breath coming and going pantingly.

"Come, Joe—give in," cried Norton. "Let's call it a finish."

"Never!" yelled back Riley.

With a new spurt of fury the fight continued.

Suddenly Joe staggered, threw up his arms, reeling to one side. On the instant Norton dropped the attack, standing off guard. In a flash Joe swung down his arms, a huge forward, a devilish gleam in his cunning eyes.

A moment more and Norton, tripped a second time, was thrown to the ground, but in that moment an inventive series of darker made a springing before Riley's outstretched fingers could snatch at his ankles.

Riley, reeling at the last, lost his balance and pitched forward—as he struggled to regain his footing a hand of steel gripped the back of his shirt collar, a weight bore down upon his shoulders, forcing him firmly to the sidewalk, where he sprawled in the dust. Joe Norton's hold still on his collar.

A shout arose from lusty throats and even Riley's cronies, who had so recently drunk his whisky, now joined the crowd watching their battle when Joe Riley whimpered: "Till settle!"

But the doctor was not to be so easily won. One shoving thought frosted his mind—that of his little mother, her hand no longer lost; and fluttering her face no longer so pale, she was straddled, but her cheeks flushed with health, the light in her eyes, the smile in her tired, lusterless eyes.

BULLETIN BUZZLES.

Part interest—the actor's.

Rank and file—poor newspapers.

The highwayman has a low way of doing things.

The finger of fate is one that is almost every pie.

You might say of a legal wedding, "Certainly knot."

The rule in a prohibition state seems to be "bar none."

The words coined in the mint do not increase our vocabulary.

You can not learn to be a dramatic critic by reading the Acts.

When some people try to put on style it is merely a take-off.

People who make too flowery speeches should be nipped in the bud.

As to the rag, some people never bite off more than they can chew.

The woman in the case is often what makes a man case-hardened.

When some girls are "in a pickle," it is pretty sure to be a sweet one.

The ball room is where a man unused to society gets "all balled up."

The town generally looks blue to a man after he has painted it red.

It seems paradoxical, but it is possible to keep dry under a weeping willow.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PRAISE OF THE ICONOCLAST.

The world owes much to the discontented.

It has made Jefferson seem real by making him human.

What Carlyle calls "the everlasting no" is better than the eternal "yes."

Discontent, says Wilde, is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation.

It has given us a flesh-and-blood Washington in place of Weems' plaster deity.

It took the restless soul of a Putnam to unlock the golden treasury of the middle west.

Even the negative man who only destroys makes a way for the positive man to achieve his ends.

The credulous are content to stagnate. If Copernicus had never doubted he would never have discovered.

Biographical iconoclasm has painted portraits of many men of whom we have heretofore had only pictures.

The man who always agrees with everyone furnishes no ideas, and ideas are the starting points of progress.

The American colonists were iconoclasts. They tore down what was, that they might build something better.

Had Stephenson seen no need of anything better than the ox or team he would never have invented the locomotive.—John K. Le Baron in the Philadelphia Telegraph.

IN SMALL BITES.

Celluloid is a plastic material composed of gun cotton and camphor.

Columbus, O., makes more huggies than any other place.

Marion (O.) steam shovels are known around the world.

The king of Saxony owns the famous porcelain factory at Meissen.

Australia in ten years paid out \$5,888,015 in bounties for rabbits at the rate of 25 cents each.

Since 1872 New York has been carried three times by the Democrats and six times by the Republicans.

Tamps made and sold 289,000,000 cigars last year. It has 156 cigar factories and a population of 43,000.

Much of the ore from the Canadian silver district contains so much arsenic that it is practically useless.

Bailey Willis of the United States geological survey estimates the coal supply of northern China as 605,000,000,000 tons.

SPICE.

Always stick to a friend—until he sticks you.

Gladly accept crumbs of comfort, and don't whine for the whole bakery.

The true friend offers the toast: "Here's good luck to you; and less need of it."

The man with the most sand wins the woman with the most rocks. See Sagan, for example.

It is particularly bad form to quarrel with your wife on the way to church. People will think that you have lost your religion, as well as your manners.